



40121 20121 2) Johnny Brown

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MY COUSIN RELATING HIS EXPLOITS.

ADVENTURES
OF
JOHNNY NEWCOME
IN
THE ARMY.

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1821.

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TO THOSE
OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY,

WHO CAN
LAUGH AS WELL AS LOOK FIERCE,

This Poem,

DESCRIBING
THE CAREER OF A YOUNG MILITARY HERO,

IS DEDICATED BY

ONE OF THE CLOTH.



JOHNNY NEWCOME

ON THE

PEACE ESTABLISHMENT.

CANTO I.

ALL hail! immortal Waterloo,
Where heroes fell and poets too!
Thou mighty mother of a race
Of things which follow pride and place :
Of medals, ribbons, golden sticks ;
Of congress bows and politics ;
Of ministerial diamond boxes ;
Of loans, and deep stock-jobbing hoaxes ;
State revellers in waste, who ply
Their preachings of economy ;
A most unmanageable swarm
Of radicals without reform ;

* Sir Walter Scott in his "Field of Waterloo," and Mr. Southey in his "Pilgrimage," have pointed out the poets who fell at that battle.

Of broken merchants, idle sailors,
* Of *Hungary* military tailors ;
Of half-pay officers, who trace
A kindred gloom in each one's face,
A sharp regret, feeling that they
Fare worst who gain'd thy victory :
Hail ! source of various curious things
Which hang upon my fiddle strings !
From thee my Hero's fortunes rise,
His whims, freaks, faults, calamities.

Some, vaunting of thy glories won,
Have blown thy hero Wellington
As boys blow bubbles—puff'd and gone :—
But, as I wish my verse to live,
That theme I'll e'en to others give :
Let them, who sing this mighty man,
Praise him and profit,—*if they can*—

* It is to be supposed that the Hungarians are of opinion, as well as the ingenious and learned author of "*The Miseries of Human Life*," that no less than nine tailors make a man, from their having lately recommended that number to the notice of His Majesty. No doubt the Life Guards and Lancers have found *him* (this compound man) as useful in setting off their figures, as they have Major Peters or Mr. Angelo.

An humbler hero's mine—a youth
Who though he never cleft, forsooth,
The helmet or the lance in twain
Sliced foeman—"Cut and come again,"
Or scaled the walls of Reputation
On dead men piled in dread progression,
Who though thy field O, Waterloo!
But little of his courage knew,
As he, remote from steel and shot
Was placed by chance, or—God knows what!
Yet wears thy medal*—precious thing!
That sets aside all cavilling,
And writes upon the wearer's breast,—
"Behold! I stand above the rest
Of Britain's warriors who have not
Smelt Waterloo's pink-ribbon'd shot.
Yea, even proudly over those
Who stemm'd the tide of Spaniard's woes—
Who drank the smoke of Badajos—

* Although the author exults in his hero's possession of a Waterloo medal, his friends cynically think that he did not deserve it better than the Peninsular soldiers, particularly as Johnny Newcome never smelt powder before: however he is not the first who over-stretched the merits of his hero. "*De poeta licentia est.*"

Rodrigo's and Sebastian's fire,
And Elvas' pestilential ire—
Who climb'd the Pyrenees, and smote
Their foemen in their country's throat,
Exil'd for years from ev'ry tie
Of home, and friends, and family—
Above each proud and gallant tar
That hurl'd the balls of Trafalgar,
And bade the waves of ocean roar
In slavery round their native shore ! !”

Now, though his pedigree my rhyme
Can't follow through the depths of time ;
And if it could 'tis better not :
The matter matters not a jot,
Whether did Saxon's, Roman's, Dane's,
Or Norman's blood swell out his veins ;
Let others have the pride to trace
Their names thro' England's hodge-podge race :
We know—'tis all we need—that he
Came of old John Bull's family,
Newcome the branch yclept. And fame
Has mark'd in modern days the name ;
For to the wars our hero's cousins,
In love with glory, went by dozens.

The eldest—though his deeds made ring
A worthy minstrel's fiddle string—
Shone but awhile, as if to shew
A glimpse of what his race could do ;
Then died of a decline. The rest
Are scattered north, south, east, and west.
And even the last had dwindled too,
Altho' thy Warrior, Waterloo,
And Johnny Newcome, *Junior*, sent
To Lethe but for accident.
I ween that accident shall form
A monument to stand the storm
Of all the cavillers at fame
Who yet may strike at Johnny's name.

Poets, like show-men, should pourtray
Meetly the puppets which they play :
So, as I've now upon the stage
Our most important personage,
I'll drop a word in plain narration,
On person, manners, education.

Like others, John was nurs'd, and grew
A fine big boy of twenty-two :
His head was in its proper place,
His nether jaw shot forth in grace,

His nose—so call'd—was higher far
Than where men's noses mostly are ;
Just as if Nature, in her freaks,
Had stuck that organ 'twixt his cheeks,
And then push'd up the top to shew
The gash she meant for mouth below,
While both his eyes turn'd round to see
Her sport of eccentricity.
Then, from his shoulders downwards, none
Thought more of their proportion :
Doubtless he should have made a most
Delightful tailor's fitting-post.
His legs, long ere they stood for college
Gain'd him, at least, one step to knowledge ;
For, though he found it hard to get
By rote the cramp Greek alphabet,
The letter "*Delta*," so inclined
By some strange power to fix his mind
He ne'er forgot it—some have said,
Because he stood so much *in-kneed*,
His legs like marks in Lully's art,*
Forming the letter—thus by heart

* Artificial memory is called Lully's art, after its
zealous promoter Raymond Lully.

He learnt it ; so his tutors styled,
Johnny, “ the *deltoid* leg-ged child.”

I said his age was twenty-two
Ere he to state of manhood grew,
That is, before—by his confession—
He dared to use his own discretion ;
For by an old and doating aunt,
His manners and his mind were bent :
He was her walking-stick abroad ;
At home, a subject for each mood,
To trifle when she might be pleased,
When vexed, sit coolly to be teased ;
Write rebusses upon her cat—
For John could write and knew what’s what—
Charades, acrostics, scraps in rhyme—
All these were his from time to time :
At length the light of manhood broke
On Johnny’s soul, and he awoke :
Packs off to Cambridge : there his senses
Jump’d over all the deep sciences,
And gain’d the point, by one quick bound,
For which the plodders must go round !
Here to the Muse, in lonely hours,
Essay’d he his improving powers,
And loved to twine her flowers around
The brow of Mars :—his verses found

A Mars in ev'ry yeoman's bonnet
Which had *C. U. O. T. stamped on it.—

Now soldiers' valour, like the itch,
Is catching; therefore each distich
Which Johnny made, a wish begot
To be the thing of which he wrote,
Till, step by step, in swift progression
He stepp'd into a Sub's commission;
When out he sallies 'gainst the foe
And makes his *entré* Waterloo.

Thus runs the tale. The time had come
Which call'd the British legions home,
From Paris and Parisian Dames,
Their curious things, with curious names;
For Frenchman now grown weary quite
Of visitors, and, though polite—
Nay more than even *Frenchly* civil—
Had wish'd the English at the D——l:

* These letters mean “*Cambridge University Old Troop*,” and have been stamped on the caps of that part of the yeomanry. I have been informed that a new troop has been embodied some time since in place of the old one—if so one of the initials very likely has been changed to suit the words “*Cambridge University New Troop!*” a very appropriate motto for these martial worthies.

Besides old Luy, to his throne,
Could walk, sans crutches, quite alone,—
At least his state-physicians said
He might dispense with further aid,
And lack'd not such a crowd of men
To keep his foot from slipping then.

'The bustle spreads throughout. Now, lo!
March knapsack'd soldiers to and fro,
High baggaged waggons nod along,
And weeping damsels swell the throng,
While jealous husbands, fathers, brothers,
Are not the slowest midst the movers,
And idle Bonapartists stray
Around to curse their foes away.
Of such a scene a thousand things
Might claim the echo of my strings :
A thousand actions, figures, faces,
My recollection clearly traces,
That might afford the laughing eye
A lengthen'd feast of drollery ;
But as my tale must follow one,
And mark the course that he has run,
I'll thus the incidents relate
Which influenced his future fate.

'Twas Johnny Newcome's day for guard,
And once again the Boulevard
—His favourite lounge—was doom'd to be
A day without his gallantry.
His sentries placed, across the way
Stepp'd he into a neat *Caffé*,
His fine Parisian taste to whet
On *dejeuné à la fourchette* ;
There, lonely, gloomy, and in spite
With all things but his appetite,
Loll'd, star'd, and most politely swore,
Voted Lord Castlereagh *a bore*,
And d——d the Congress all for fools,
Thus to be the Frenchmen's very tools,
To lend their troops to keep down riot
Like constables, till all were quiet,
And then, forsooth, be pack'd away,
With scarcely *half*, and some *no* pay,
Two years before their time :—and why ?
Merely for court civility !

Thus thought he as he maunch'd his meal,
Feeling as any man should feel,
Who, like him, loved the Paris *fare*,
So apt for youth *en militaire* :

Yet as in thought he reason'd on,
Grew happier by comparison :
For others at that hour were leaving
Those dainties which forestall'd his grieving,
While circumstances seem'd to say
His corps, as yet some months should stay ;
And, even when back to England sent,
Would join the *peace establishment*.
Besides a first battalion 'twas,
He too the Senior Ensign—poz !
And though the opposition cried
Still louder—still unsatisfied—
For large reductions, yet 'twas plain
That *first battalions* should remain
Effective, while the King could be ;
Else what became of liberty,
So much requiring *proper force*
To keep it in a loyal course ?

These arguments in Johnny's head
Most suitable impressions made,
And drew the muscles of his nose*
As cats their claws, back to repose,

* The muscles called the *depressor pinnæ narium*,
and *dilatator alæ nasi*, are used in expressing self-
importance and petulant agitation.

Thus sooth'd, he to the window went
To give his fruitful fancy vent,
And gaze at those who passed below
Upon the road he soon should go,
Whence stiff-neck'd nods and gloomy smiles
Greeted him from the passing files.

Conscious he bow'd as pass'd they by,
And thought he saw, in ev'ry eye
A glance that said—or seem'd as 'twould—
How safe, how permanent, he stood
O'er these who trudg'd the dreary way,
To solitary, sad half-pay.

They pass'd, and passing fix'd his sense
In reveries of consequence ;
For on his soul's delighting visions
Hope fix'd her magical misprisions.
He saw promotion's beauties bent
Around the peace establishment ;
And gave himself a colonel's station
Already in imagination.

O ! on such contemplative mind
So sweetly abstract—so refined—

So mix'd with the ethereal rays
Which mark self's all-enchanting ways,
What pity vulgar things should fall
To make such feelings farcical.
What pity Fancy's mare should stumble
And plump in mud the rider tumble !
Yet such things are. How true we'll see
By following up our rhimery.

Johnny's upgazing eye-balls now
Return'd at length to things below
Suddenly prompted by his ear
Awaken'd thus "*(Sere Snub is here,)*"
"Then send him."—" *Entré Monsieur Snub.*"—
Snub comes, and, now, comes on the rub.
He bears a letter—Johnny reads,
And trembles—stare to stare succeeds.—
Oh, luckless Snub, why didst thou chuse
Such time to bring such dismal news?—
Anxious the scroll he reads ; and when
He finishes, begins again
Till, sinking, trembling, on his chair,
He seemed the portrait of despair.

The garçon feeling for his case,
And judging from his rueful face

That some dear relative had died
Whisper'd his fears to Snub aside
And both agreed. Away they run :
One brandy—one, (Eau de Cologne)
Offers to Johnny's pallid nose,
Who, vex'd, each, o'er its offerer throws
And springs upright. The frightened pair
Soon find the bottom of the stair,
Glad to arrive so safely there.
Now freed from these intruders, John
His rueful brow again put on,
And, fixing fast his sightless eyes,
Began thus to soliloquize.

“ Was ever man so mortified
At his promotion? *D—n the tide
Of military rule that bends
Such zigzag courses to its ends.
Behold our worthy adjutant
Tells me I'm made a lieutenant
In last Gazette ; by which I'm changed—
O curse the rule that so arranged—
† From *first* battalion to the *second* !
Who could have on such chances reckon'd ?

* Mr. Newcome must have meant a pun here, as he seldom used that word in its diabolical sense.

† The senior grade in first battalions, on promotion,

Thus, from the peace establishment
As *Senior Ensign*, quickly sent
Back to the country and my aunt
A half-pay *Junior Lieutenant* !
Was ever circumstance so curs'd—
Were ever hopes—so fondly nurs'd—
So quickly blighted ?—Thus we see—
O monstrous incongruity !—
*Attorney-Generals—like myself—
Often promoted to the shelf !
The D——I take the rank, I say,
That gives the step but takes the pay :”
A fruitless nut—a marble egg—
A boot upon a wooden leg.”

From these important observations
His soul walk'd forth in contemplations,
Leaving his form like statue there,
While she smell'd out th' unwholesome air

become effective in the last. And Johnny Newcome was not the only one, who had to regret his seniority at the crisis of reduction.

* The promotion of Attorney General to the bench is usually thought an empty honour, and would, no doubt, be dispensed with by the promoted with little regret.

Of dark vexation, yellow spleen,
Regret, and disappointment keen,
Mingling her baneful sympathies
With fancy's aerial miseries.

At length a most impressive scream
Awoke him from his dreary dream.
Quick flies he to the casement. There
A stamping foot—a threatening air,
Salutes his eyes. “What is’t I see?
A woman too!—who can it be?—
In all the fire of rage elate,
Forcing the sentry and the gate
Of General Culverin?” he said,
And strain’d his neck to see the maid,
Who, rising, like a torrent’s force
The more we stop it in its course,
With fury—tooth and nail—pell-mell,
Almost o’erwhelm’d the sentinel.

The active Newcome could not see
Unmoved such breach of dignity :
The General was no doubt within—
The General!—Lord Culverin!—
And should his consequential quiet
Be thus disturb’d by brawl and riot,

Who was to blame ? Why Ensign Newcome—
The danger like an earthquake shook him !

Off hies he to the scene, and there
With grave and consequential air
Accosts the lady. Quickly then
Affrighted peace flew back again ;
Serjeant and sentry panting stand
Released from her determined hand,
While she throws back her elfed hair,
Covers where chance had made her bare,
And fix'd a scornful look of wrath
On those she well nigh squeezed to death,
For she was strong in nature's laws,
Supporting, too, a rightful cause—
The cause of love and jealousy,
That spring of woman's energy--
The cause for which Queen Dido died,--
Though here more mark'd and magnified ;
For to the General, 'twill be found,
Her claims were much more fair and sound--
Queen Dido, though her Grecian Lover
Turn'd out a most deceitful rover,
Had not such weighty cause to know
The value of her gallant beau

As this amazing Amazon,
Who knew, by sound comparison,
How much the Irish Culverin
Surpass'd all other country-men
In things for which, she knew full well,
The Irish were remarkable.

Johnny surveys. She soon repress
The agitations of her breast,
And with a gentler mien advances
To mention all the circumstances
Which caused the uproar. Thus she tried
To gain the Ensign to her side
Half-weeping, while an Irish twang
Season'd her passionate harangue.

The Harangue.

* " I'm glad you are come, Sir.—Now, I'll
let you know
And *larn* you better manners.—What a *purty*
show

* This character is drawn from life ; and those
who have visited an inn on the *Caesudrey* at Lisbon,
situated within a few doors of Domingo's Coffee-house,

Them fellows *makes* a body.—Serjeant Bull,
 You should not *trate* a lady like a common trull—
 O your country, my jewel ! you're not to blame
 for that :
 It's long 'till your *betters* would do so—that's
 a decent Pat ;—
 Go along you trash.”—

And here she curb'd
 The feelings which her words disturb'd,
 Swallowing her ire, as cows their cud,
 Or men do salts to cool their blood—

“ Sir, to make a long story short, I came to
 see the General,
 But was prevented going in, *at all at all*,

in the years 1812 and 13, must have been amused by
 the original. She made a point of indulging her
 English customers with a most profuse flow of her
 native dialect—Her theme was generally a *noble* one—
 the military of the Peninsula *in chief*—and so well
 acquainted did she appear to be with her subject, that
 crowds of officers were led to hear her locutory essays,
 which never failed to excite their risibility and wonder.
 I have endeavoured to copy her style, which is not
 unlike that of the celebrated Dean Swift's servant maid.

By a most contemptable valet de chambre—
But I warrant I'll make the powder'd monkey
remember—

And then that *spurious* sentry pushes in his
nose—

Yes you may look, you creature ; but ev'ry body
knows,

That Mrs. Serjeant Tool, could see the General
before,

When your *Curnel* dare n't put his nose in at
the door ;—

Ough I'll take you cool, my *shaver*.—Sir, you
must know

It's somewhat about seven years ago
Since I was coax'd away from Serjeant Tool
And took up with the General—that's no rule—
Though God knows he ran away with my ten-
der heart

And made me quit my Tool—my husband:—we
could never part,

If it wasn't for his most insinuating—flattering
tongue

'That wheedled me away, for I was *mighty*
young,

And he you know, a General, Sir.—Well, I went
Travelling with him about the continent,

And then he left poor Cellarina on the shelf—
They call me Cellarina—that's myself—
But I followed him from *Portugal* to France:—
Musha wasn't that a *purty* bit of a dance?—
Yet, bad as he is, I'll do him the justice to say't
He's better to me latterly—*that is of late*—
And did as much for me as any man could do;
But I hear he's running off to England—If it is so,
The d—l a *one* inch from this same gate I'll go
Until I see him:—that you may tell him too!"

This strange address thus ended, John
A replicating look put on,
Pulls up his cravat, points his toe,
And thus holds partly with his foe:—

"Madam, I'm very sorry for your case;
But 'tis your duty to observe the peace:
You must from hence, and take some other way
To remedy your troubles. What you say,
I cannot well believe: no General
Could ever let his reputation fall
So low as from a serjeant to steal
Th' affections of his wife, and then to feel
A wish to fly, and leave her to her fate—
Particularly in that doubtful state
Which you appear to hold."

This said

A smile his features blandly shed,
While on her waist he fix'd his eye
In *gentlemanly* sympathy.
But miserable for themselves—
Some are such luckless looking elves,
Their smile is taken for a sneer,
Their laugh a grin ; and 'twill appear
Ne'er were th' expression of a face
So construed as in Johnny's case ;
For what she thought a sneer was nought,
But smile with pitying feeling fraught :
All knew his face was nature's book
Before he learnt that dandy look
Which starches up the human face
And frightens nature from her place,
Making the fashionable head
Appear as if 'twas merely made
By tailors, for each muscle shows,
The studied angles of the clothes.—
Whether she thought his observations
Were to her conduct derogations—
Whether his looks, or words, or mien,
Stirr'd up the fire of latent spleen—
For Johnny's mind was not so calm,
Considering what an awkward qualm

He had at breakfast—now to speak
And look the meekest of the meek—
However she conceived the matter ;
She fastened on some cause for clatter.

“ Those who in quarrels interpose
Must often wipe a bloody nose—”
So says the moralist ; and, lo !
Poor Johnny Newcome found it so ;
For when he ceased to speak, her tongue
Lost all its slippyness, and rung,
Regardless of the people by,
With rattling rapidity.
Johnny looked grave ; anon he frown’d,
His patience slowly breaking ground :
She fiercer grew—he threat’ning spoke—
She press’d, he storm’d—now all is smoke !
Hat, feather, collar, cravat, fall,
Beneath her powers emphatical.
She scratch’d, he scrambled—shouts abound
From grinning gazers all around,
’Till ’spite of all she bolted in,
Crying, “ I will see Culverin !”
Serjeant and sentry follow straight,
But soon returned in glad retreat.—

'Twas done—a word had silenced all
This most unmilitary brawl!

What was this talismanic word
Which thus so seasonably occur'd,
And with such sudden, secret power
Silenced the tempest of the hour?
If honest Serjeant Bull were here
His tongue should feed my curious ear;
My tale should then more safely run
Upon the wheels of truth and fun;
For Bull although in petty place,
Like others thinks it no disgrace
To let the secrets of superiors
Slip sometimes even to inferiors,
If 'twas for nothing but to show
How much 'twas in his place to know,
But more—suspicions well adjusted—
How worthy was he to be trusted.
However as the Serjeant's gone,
I'll trot my old Pegasus on,
Telling the facts which meet my eyes,
And filling blanks with fair surmise.

The whole of this unlucky din
Was overlook'd by Culverin;

He from the casement's blind was seen
Peeping the intervals between,
While his strained countenance express'd
The kindred riots of his breast,
Where shame and fear united fight,
Successfully with anger's might.

Now when the Serjeant from the gate
Return'd, his looks were consummate :
The finger poised—the smile repress,
Pregnant with all the imps of jest,
Convinced th' observers of the fray,
Bull something saw, he dare not say !—
With hand to cap he feeds the ear
Of his all-wondering officer,
Who, short'ning brow, and lengthening chin,
Re-murmured—“ What, Lord Culverin ?—”
The Serjeant nods, the sentry smiles
And Johnny quickly reconciles
His tortured countenance to those
Most unexampled dandy-woes,
Which to his coat, cravat, and face
Attracted gazers' droll grimace,
And to the sly conceits of Bull
Gave such a hearty belly full.

For Bull was never given to grieve,
Laughing—but mostly in his sleeve—
Seem'd his delight ; and ev'n the woes
Of his best friends, as well as foes—
On waggery so bent was he—
Excited risibility.

Confus'd 'midst mortifying sneers
Of Frenchmen—poignant jests and jeers,—
Johnny thought well to walk away,
Smiling—but then 'twas bitterly.

Now for surmise.—It fills my head
That what this Madam Tool had said,
Was not, throughout, the most untrue—
And all who saw must think so too—
For, as the General heard and view'd
What pass'd in that most curious feud,
He would have quietly prevented
Its baneful course, and not, contented,
Risk'd th' exposure of his name
Upon the speckled page of Fame,
If something was not in the poke :—
Without some fire there's seldom smoke—
However be that as it may,—
The lady in the house did stay

The *Lord* knows what employed her powers
And stood her out a brace of hours !!

Weary, disgusted, sad, perplex'd--
Nay with his very fingers vex'd--
Johnny returned into the gloom
Of Fancy and his quiet room :
There, on his causes of vexation,
Shower'd epithets and imprecation,
'Till in the torrent of his spleen
His soul escaped and grew serene.
So have I seen the tempest tear,
The bowels of the atmosphere--
Huge clouds usurp the nether skies,
Rolling as 'twere in agonies--
The thunder claps--the rain-sheets drop,
And (for the simile) they stop.--
So have I seen the storm pass by
Leaving a dull serenity.

This was a day of storms with John,
And though their rage had passed and gone,
It left a settled gloom behind,
Most fatal to th' aspiring mind :
The hateful prospect, now before him,
Of half-pay life began to bore him,

The flower in which his eye delighted,
There, by the frost, was nipped and blighted :
Before him, smiling in her shroud,
The restless ghost of pleasure stood :
The military imps of fun
Around his crazy fancy run :
The wanton Nymph that loves a beau
Deck'd out in military show
Haunted him, and with poignant smart
Hung a regret upon his heart :
The mess-room's spirit grinn'd a look
That all his resolution shook,
And rank's emblazoned crest and coat,
In funeral crape before him float,
While the attack of Mrs. Tool,
Stamp'd him, he thought, as Fortune's fool.

Johnny was not the first who found
The sting of disappointment's wound —
Who learnt how sharp that sting can be
To him who feeds on vanity—
That light, yet most unwholesome diet ;
The last to give us health or quiet.

The door flies open—one by one
His brethren enter —“ How do, John ?”—

Tom, Dick, Dan, Peter, Bob, and Joe,
'Round him their careless figures throw,
And thus accost, "Johnny, my boy,
" *Lieutenant!*—Sir, we give you joy
" On your well-merited promotion."—
O! what a shrine for mock devotion
Was Johnny now! His heart was aching
To see the pains his friends were taking
To make him sip their flattery up,
While slily in the gilded cup
He knew they put a drop of gall
To qualify the draught withal.

Now in the course of conversation,
Each friend essay'd conciliation.
They thrust advice—now one, now t'other,
*As bullocks horn their fallen brother
In hopes to rise him, but their power
Is nothing better than to gore.
One said, no man regretted more
To lose a member of the corps
Than he,—and for *this loss* it went
Full hard to find equivalent—

* It is a fact, that when one ox of a group becomes entangled in a fence, ditch, &c. all attack him with their horns, and, in the hope of relieving, torture him.

Although a step his quitting gave him :—
John bow'd—but John could not believe him ;
For when preferment is concerned
Amongst the brave, devout, or learned,
He knew, the best of all would lose
His brother for his brother's shoes.

Another with sarcastic grin,
Said, “ Sir, you're young enough to win
The smiles of Fortune, though she's fickle,
And you a most consummate pickle :
You've many good professions still—
Besides, a genius versatile,—
The pulpit, physic, or the bar—
To damn, to kill, or fortunes mar ;
In either qualities, no less
Than others, certain of success.”

The Doctor, too, with cunning eye
Quaintly his little wit lets fly—
Tells him to leave his dissipations
And look to *wholesome* observations—
That half-pay caused such revolutions
In soldiers' high-bred constitutions,
He thought *full living* inconsistent,
And bade him, by no means, persist in't.

Tom disapproves, Jack recommends,
And each, by turns, his mockery lends ;
Basting him o'er—as 'twere—and turning,
To keep their spitted goose from burning,
Until by slow and sure degree
Their fire had cook'd him thoroughly.

At length the foppish crowd is gone,
And thus again John left alone,
With still more food for contemplation,
Season'd with pepper of vexation.
Yet still, methinks full cause had he,
To laugh at all internally,
And feel his heart right well at ease
To think he lost such *friends* as these ;
But Johnny on the table laid
His heavy and tormented head,
Feeling much more inclined to weep,
Till—snoring told him fast asleep.

CANTO II.

Is it my province, eke, to tell
What dreams on Johnny's slumbers fell ?
Whether he bade the peaceful slain
Fight all their battles o'er again,
Or sported in the giddy blaze
Of Fortune's most capricious rays ?
Whether, his present state, he view'd
Swell'd to a frightful magnitude ?
Or whether glanc'd his sleeping eye
On symbols of his destiny ?
Bards are but earthly bards, unless
They know all things,—at least profess—
Things that will come—that never came,
Whether in being or in dream :
Then, as I've listed in the corps
Of bards and bardlings, laugh and lore,



JOHNNY NEWCOME

STOPPED BY THE SERVANTS TO HAVE COMMITTED SUICIDE

Promotion's gone if I refuse
To mark the fogle of the Muse :
So with a poet's wonted truth
I'll shew the vision of the youth ;
And how I came to know the news
Thanks to that all prolific Muse.

Imprimis.—When his friends departed ,
Leaving him lone and leaden hearted—
When, nod by nod, fled care by care,
And earthly sense dissolved in air,
His soul, *pro tempore*, left its load
To take a wild etherial road.

He thought a spirit, bright and fair,
Lifted him quickly through the air,
And, with his wings of dewy gold,
Wafted the clouds in many a fold,
Fleeting as swift, as through the skies,
The young light of the morning flies.
'Till a new sphere of wondrous light
Bounded his swift director's flight.
Then from his pinions he released him,
And cross-legg'd on a sun-beam placed him,
From which she took a snow-white wand,—
And waved it thrice on either hand,

When, deck'd in robes of dazzling hue,
At distance rose upon his view
With aspect wild, a female form
Enveloped in a thunder storm,
Who closer came—her head unveiled—
Her nether parts by clouds concealed—
“What are you frightened at, you fool?”
Exclaimed the form!—’Twas Mrs. Tool!

Now Johnny’s earthly part evinc’d
Strong impulses; he started, winc’d,—
The grin—the groan—the broken snore—
Told well what fears his bosom tore.—

But to the dream.—She took his hand
And, borrowing the Spirit’s wand,
Waved it in mystic movement slow;
When all around, above, below,
Shot into one wide sheet of fire!
And, now at Mrs. Tool’s desire,
A temple rose in grandeur dight
Which calm’d his fears, and charm’d his sight.
This, as her gift, she bade him keep;—
And, if he had remained asleep,
No doubt, he should have still been blest,
With palace noble, as the best.—

But, as he placed his ærial foot
Just on the step that led him to't,
The chair, on which his mortal frame
Reposed,—broke down!—So broke the dream.

The ways of Fate are strange and odd—
She often takes a zigzag road
To gain that goal, which to our view,
She could have gone directly to.
This shall be shown in Johnny's case,
To which the dream is fair preface.

Prostrate he lay across the floor,
When Snub burst in the chamber door!—
And here I must engage to shew
Why thus he came so apropos.

He had been, on the nether landing,
At least some twenty minutes, standing,
Twisting and turning in his hand,
A letter, which, with strict command
Was given, forthwith to give his master,
But, thinking on the morn's disaster
Effected by a former letter,
He wisely thought, perhaps, 'twere better,

To burn the scroll, and thus prevent
A like unhappy accident :
For this was measuring back the stair,
When, helter skelter, roll'd the chair.
The strong concussion from the fall,
Snub felt—fearing some ill withal,
He staring entered. When he viewed
His master so, his eyes grew blood !
He fancied that the fatal tide,
Stream'd red hot from the suicide !
Swords, razors, ropes, knives, poisons, fly
Before his fright-diseased eye !
He roars,—he stamps,—th' appalling call,
Brings landlord, waiters, maids, and all !

Snub's blundering fright was soon explain'd,
And quietness her place regain'd ;
As when the urchin wag at play,
Cries “ fire,” alarms—then runs away.
But, first, fierce reprehensions fell,
With “ *Damns*” and “ *Sacre bleus*,” pell-mell.
Yet the ludicrous incident,
A hearty laugh to Johnny lent,
And banished every fiend that play'd
Around his half distracted head.

But this was not the only good
Which sprang from Snub's kind promptitude ;
The letter still was in his hand—
The good and bad of which he scann'd—
And thus it met his master's eye—
A happy proof of destiny ;
For had that luckiest chair of chairs
Ne'er fallen, Snub should have gone down
 stairs,
And, in his judgment's deep fruition,
Have sent the letter to perdition !

Peace being restor'd I think I'd better,
Set forth the subject of the letter.

'Twas most important, though concise,
And lifted Johnny to the skies
In wonderment ; and then depress'd him
As if a bailiff had address'd him !
“ *Lord Culverin requests to see
Lieutenant N. immediately !*”
This, in the General's own hand-writing,
Seem'd flattering now, and now affrighting.—
Well might he court or fear the nod
Of him—the Newcome's demi-god—

But little time for vague surmise
Remain'd, so to his glass he hies
To set in neater folds his chin,
And then set off to Culverin.

Now while he's on his way, we've time
To make our all-observing rhyme
A word or two essay withal
About the noble General :
So let us dress him as we can,
Observing truth to mark the man.

Lord Culverin—John's great commander—
Was not *all out* a salamander,
Which some think soldiers ought to be,
Living in fire eternally.
Nor was he one, who, sword in hand,
Cut peril down ; then held his brand
In vaunting rashness up to those
Who *thought*, before they *fought* their foes.
No, to Napoleon this he left,
Who cleaving—to what, has he cleft ?—
Through ranks and passes, blood and fire,
Stuck himself plumply in the mire !
While Culverin high glory gains,
With nothing like one half the pains !

No, he was wise, and proved at length,
That Wisdom's wealth as well as strength.
Trust him, he was not such an ass,
As not to know where danger was ;
No, from the hapless death of Moore,
He lesson took of useful lore
Which shews there's nothing worse withal
To rising men than thus to fall.
He thought—no doubt he thought full right—
A leader's life is half the fight :
Besides full many men there be
As brave as even he could be,
And these—as Generals always should—
He placed in front to stem the flood ;
While he steer'd calmly on behind
The sails, the rudder, and the wind !

In modern times, like other arts,
War has improved in divers parts ;
Now what would slaughtered Pompey say,
To Culverin's *Ars Belli* pray ?
He'd stare to see us so refined
To make the *leader's* post *behind*!—

A General should be, as 'twere,
The spring of the chronometer,

Whose power should, eke, be fixed and strong,
To push the lazy wheels along.
Yet envious cavillers may prate,
And say my figure's incomplete,
In this ; that when the power's expended,
The movement of the engine's ended ;
Which tells their meaning thus in brief—
The spring's the *cause*—the key's the *chief*
That winds up all—sets wheels and spring—
The soldier's cause—a galloping.

All must agree.—How true God wot—
Good chiefs should keep far out of shot.
Wolf, Abercromby, Moore and Hay,
Ponsonby, Picton, Anglesea,*
Brunswick's old duke, Marmont, Moreau,—
All went too close upon the foe :
Ten thousand others could I name,
Who, most unwisely, did the same ;
Which powerfully proves the rule,
That Generals should be slow and cool.

* This gallant and daring officer was taken prisoner by approaching too near the foe in Spain, and at Waterloo, lost his leg. The author has seen him whole days exposed to the cannonading from Flushing, where he was not even called by duty.

For living proof I'll mention one—
The slow but certain Wellington.
Had he been rash, would he have tried
The Frenchman's patience—John Bull's pride,
And play'd his foes, like trouts, about,
Now up and down—now in and out—
Along his military brook,
Catching them sometimes *with a hook* ?

Yet he essay'd at Talavera,
And proved that dash was all chimera:
Since which he moved, year after year,
His sober, slow, and sure career.
I say again, had he been rash,
And gratified his men by dash,
He might have finished erst 'tis plain
And put all parties out of pain ;
Yet still there are—we songsters sing—
Two ways of ending ev'ry thing.
He went the proper way to get
A splendid ducal coronet :
And though his Grace's steps were told
Through fields of blood and roads of gold,
Yet have the statesmen gain'd a host
Well worth, and more, ten times the cost :
A man who will not leave the church—
As other Dukes do—in the lurch—

A man that sacrificed to them
The patriot's glorious diadem—
His parent Erin, and the meed
Which Heav'n awards to patriot deed—
The claim of glory for her blood,
That teeming mark'd his fortune's road—
All gave he up without emotion
For church and state!—What true devotion!—
Who held up Slavery's holy mallet—
Hammer—or what you please to call it—
Made by the cobblers in such tools ;
A set of *speeching* Dublin-fools—
'To serve with wooden might the nation
By knocking down Emancipation,*

* In laying before the House of Lords a petition against the Catholic claims, from that *enlightened* and *liberal* junta, the Common Council of Dublin, His Grace the Duke of Wellington has given a striking proof of his attachment to the present government ; for by so doing, he has risked the hatred and contempt of millions, and perhaps the blemish of his character to posterity. As yet, neither the press, nor the rostrum, has dared to censure the temerity ; and this forbearance, perhaps, may, in a great measure, prove the powerful weight of his Grace's services ; outweighing what the liberals would style "*abominable insult to*

Because unto his colleagues so good
He would not show ingratitude !

The Whigs that hear, may flout and prance,
And call this blind intolerance,
Dubbing him base—mean—party Tool—
I say with Scroggins, “that’s no rule”—
For, as I said before, his blood
Recoiled from base ingratitude ;
A sin so foul that none, as yet,
In earth or hell acknowledge it.—
But here may snarlers, too, assail
And tackle with me—tooth and nail—

his native country, and an indelible stain upon his laurels.” But I had forgotten—there is one, and one only, who has dared to censure the act, in a pamphlet on Catholic Emancipation—and, by the bye, when Mr. Northhouse writes again, he should be cautious how he flies in the face of his liege governors by attacking their trusty champion ; for notwithstanding his unanswerable arguments and liberality of sentiment, he may find, that such weapons are not only weak, but often dangerous to use against the fortress of power. The following is the *un-tory*-like attack.—

“What ! the men who have fought for him, who have sworn to follow him to the end of the earth, whose

Taking by force my fair position
By logic's stock of ammunition,
And—as it were—with my own weapon
Make my cock-argument a capon,
By urging that his *country* gave
The laurels which around him wave—
Her dearest blood the dew that nourish'd
The buds which by that dew so flourish'd :
Implying, therefore, that he stood
On th' acme of ingratitude.
But I say no—so he says too—
His plants in other gardens grew.

post was always that of the greatest peril in the hour of danger,—whose feet were always faithful, when others fled the sanguinary scene.—What! shall his Grace oppose the claims of such old companions to a common participation in the benefits of that Constitution, which they have so often and so ardently defended?

“Just figure to yourself, for a moment, some hardy and veteran warrior, who has ever been the first to enter, and the last to quit the sanguinary field;—who has been wounded at innumerable times and places, and, without a murmur, devoted his three sons to the service of the State; who has accompanied his Grace through all his career of victory and glory, in India,

All reason can't one road be sent,
Else there's an end to argument:
And search throughout the king's dominions,
All men support their own opinions.
The Patriot thinks ingratitude
Is aught against his country's good ;
The Statesman doth that sin define
In those who cross the party line ;
Thus both are sins—avoiding one,
The other we must hit upon.
In this dilemma stood his Grace,
From one came glory, pension, place,
From t'other nothing but his birth—
What's *Irish* more than *English* earth?—

in Portugal, in Spain, in France ;—just behold him deputed by his Catholic comrades, who, like himself, were invincible in danger, and inflexible in duty, and who are now the sole survivors of his regiment, from the valiant foe, and the victorious field ; just behold him presenting a Petition from himself and these his companions, for the repeal of the code that oppresses and insults them ; hear him recapitulating his and their services,—his and their undaunted firmness and undoubted fidelity,—his and their loyalty of soul and liberality of sentiment. Mark what his Grace's answer, if he really intends to support the last remains of weak

Surely he ought to have the right
Of chusing out what way he might.—
The sin—as wisely thought his Grace—
Is 'gainst the *Statesmen*, in *this* case :
In consequences too, one quite
Remote, the other proximate.

And have they not gain'd one, whose power
Was chosen in the pregnant hour,
When the most sacred cause allied
To British feeling—British pride,
Hung on the watchful hearts of all
In Love, and hope prophetical;—

intolerance, and wicked ingratitude, in his native country, must be : “ I know and must honour the daring and determined valour of you and your companions : I am aware how nobly and how fearlessly you have fought for your King, your Country, and your Constitution. I know that none of his Majesty's subjects can be more loyal, and more faithful than yourselves ; I do not believe that you hold the impious and infamous tenets which your enemies have imputed to you. On the contrary, I believe you to be as liberal, as you are loyal, and that you feel an equal detestation with myself to the enormities of ambitious Churchmen in dark and ignorant ages—I know that the Pope

When England's slander'd, virtuous Queen,
Suffered the "slings and arrows" keen
Of monsters foul, whose actions tell
The nature of their kindred hell—
Whose names shall evil by-words be,
To tell us what is infamy.
When she, a helpless woman, bore
Such ills as few have felt before ;
Cast friendless on the desert wide,
Repell'd unheard, condemn'd untried,
Insulted by the power of those
Who bask'd upon their country's woes—
Who gave their blasting flattery vent
To blow the flames of discontent,

possesses no civil supremacy whatever, and very little ecclesiastical authority in either Ireland or England. —I am aware that you would, and that you have, united with your Protestant countrymen, in opposing the political enemies of the State, who profess the same religion as yourselves—I believe that the re-establishment of the Inquisition in Spain, and the Order of the Jesuits in England, can have little influence on your conduct, as to despise the one, and consider the other as simply a classical and theological seminary.—I cannot think that there is any thing in the coronation oath, which is hostile to the granting of your claims ; and I certainly must believe that the continuation of

Which widely—perilously fly
Around their victim, Royalty?—
Yes, Wellington was chosen then,
The best and fittest man of men,
To serve the monarch whom he loved,
Just in the way his heart approved.
And here, on principles religious,
The part he acted was prodigious!
What bishop, cardinal, or saint,
Could use more holy argument?
He preached up peace—he recommended
All *breeches* quarrels to be ended,

the penal code is a powerful reason with you for conceiving the Protestant establishment to be too weak to support itself. I have no doubt that by entirely repealing that code, it would destroy all the attempts of wicked and desperate demagogues, to incite you to rebellion; and I know that in the hour of danger, and in fact at all other times, your talents and your virtues might be eminently serviceable to the State;—yet, as I have private reasons, which I cannot explain to you, for opposing your claims in Parliament, I shall vote for your still being considered as would-be rebels, and disguised traitors, and for the continuance of a code, which makes you a despised, degraded, insulted, and oppressed people!”

Bade her the cudgels leave for those
Whose back could better bear the blows
Of every ministerial flail
Employed to thresh her out—pell-mell—
Conjured his Queen to quit the strife
Of courts, and lead a lonely life—
Bade her with fortitude, despise
Her worldly load of calumnies—
That private prayer, contrition pure,
With Heaven could better grace insure,
Than coupled in the Liturgy,
By force, with husband such as he—
That blessed are the humble hearted!
This done, the holy Duke departed :
And if his wishes were not blest,
'Twas not his fault—he did his best !

These quiddities but prove, anon,
That Culverin or Wellington
Had never been the men they are,
Forsooth, if they had died in war.

Now all this while that I've been talking,
Johnny is breaking his legs with walking :
And yet methinks I've yet full time
To give the General one more rhyme

Before I stop: 'tis only meet—
To make the portraiture complete—
That on his more domestic ways
My Muse should fling her lantern's blaze.

Suppose we stray for simile—
To Pidcock's grand Menagerie :
The Elephant, if he be there,
Commands our first admiring stare,
Being of course the largest creature—
In other words—most prom'nent feature :
So let us as we gravely go
Into the General's moral shew,
View the most striking first, and keep—
The others for an after peep.

Thus then—his love for women—O !
That love was, in itself, a show—
His amorous, gallant-going heart
Was pierced with ev'ry kind of dart ;
The long, the short, the sharp, the blunt—
'Twas stuck all round—backside and front
With broken points and shafts—it seem'd
The target whereat Cupid aim'd,
Whenev'r he had no other spot
To fly, for fun, a random shot.

Women and war, hot love, and bullets,
Champaigne, good port, ham, hair and pullets
Loved he as life—no more he loved :
And true philosophy it proved—
For what are other earthly things?
Mere fudge—all school imaginings—
The pleasing of some other sense
Under some filagree pretence.

From youth to years—for he was fifty—
In love—of all—he was most thrifty.
No spot, nor hole, nor nook, nor crevice,
From Ganges' bank to Seine's or Liffey's—
Where love could creep, but Culverin
Had popp'd his knowing noddle in.
Through sooty tribes of Hindostan,
His sentimental passion ran,
To which the oily Portuguese
Just serv'd like after-dinner-cheese.
The Spanish second-handed fair
Match'd his great powers to a hair,
And France produced a field of beauty
Where even *his* powers could learn new duty.
But Erin's dames, when e'er he found them,
Were rubies in the ring around him.

From none his tinder-soul could flinch—
Princess, Jack's wife, or cinder-wench :
And rumour said—perhaps in jest—
His Lordship liked the latter best ;
Because his will unshackled felt—
Could e'en command the God to melt.
And if his fancy lov'd the roads
Of humble life, now where the odds ?
Woman is woman, whether she
Be dress'd in rags or finery.
All are sweet sisters : doth not soul
Equally animate the whole ?
Nay sometimes even the Princess knows
Not half the fire a beggar shews.
Perhaps when tired of turtle, he
Preferr'd less rich variety.
Some, weary grown of wine, choose sherbet,
Others take herring 'stead of turbot :
Then why not Culverin enjoy
Full appetite ?—Doth it not cloy—
The truth of which experience tells—
In love, as well as eatables ?
The taste of which, when too much pleas'd
Like stomachs oft' becomes diseas'd.

Now where our General lov'd to try,
His all accomplished gallantry

Was on our married lady's grounds :
There would he go his poaching rounds ;
Yet off', when least the Gen'ral thought it—
In proper cockney-phrase—" He caught it."
The fair, he thought, which others priz'd,
Was fitter to be idoliz'd ;
As if the taste of others shew'd
The way to what was *ultra*-good :
Just as all mischief-going boys
Plunder each other of their toys,
None thinking that his own, though best,
Is half so worthy as the rest.
Now Culverin had for his own
A most invaluable one ;
Yet his propensity for others
Would make him rob all human brothers.
Yes Cupid led him by the nose
Through every sort of lover's woes :
By night, by day, still dashing on
Through mud, nor heeding stepping-stone,
And often plunging to the chin,
The blind and blind-led Culverin :
Then letting go his hold would laugh—
Curs'd urchin !—while he galloped off,
Leaving him there to sink or swim,
Just as the chances suited him.

To keep in rule of logic-lore—
In unity with what before
I mingled in my rhymery—
The *elephantic* simile—
My task should be to dwell, anon,
His Lordship's minor modes upon.
Well, so I will ; and, in narration,
Each shall be placed in due gradation.

Now, if my time be measured fairly,
Methinks our hero, John, should nearly,
If not all out, have reached the goal
Where perched his trembling doubting soul.
E'en so :—the porter's willing hand
Yielded to Johnny's prim demand ;
And as he passes, liveried rows
Bow him along. The awful throes
Which agitate his pregnant mind,
Affect his optic nerves.—He's blind
To all their ready made attention
Lost in his faculties convention,
Assembled wisely in his pate
To form a look appropriate,
For th' unfix'd brow when he appeared
Before the chief so deeply fear'd.

And well it was he saw not all ;
For sneers and winks passed through the hall ;
Heads powder'd shook with many a nod
As Johnny through their numbers trod :
All seem'd as if they held the joke
Of Mrs. Tool still in the poke.
He flounders on : his foot now kisses
The place it ought, and now it misses :
Confus'd in fear, bedazed in glare,
Stumbles he on from stair to stair,
Until the sacred door expands
Before his lac'd conductor's hands.
Now, lo ! His very heart is smote,
And struggles, panting, in his throat :
Crimeless he feels a culprit's fears,
Who first time 'fore his judge appears ;
And his weak knees just bear him in
Before the awful Culverin !—

John, in the giddiness of fear,
Forgets all things—except to stare.
His aunt's prim bow and fine position
The fruits of many a year's tuition ;
And specially design'd for scenes
With peers and princes, kings and queens,

Forsook his legs and there he stood,
As if the current of his blood
Was stopped by magic ! but the word
Of gratulation from the Lord—
The head with kind politeness bowing—
The smile with seeming friendship glowing
Lighted his reason, and he felt
His stagnant blood begin to melt.
Like sun-beams dancing on the tomb,
The rays of joy skipp'd o'er the gloom
Of Johnny's looks. His face, from fright
Jump'd through a smile, and grinn'd outright :
Such power the Gen'ral's placid eye,
Played o'er his nerves maxillary.

The prelude played to conversation,
My Lord commenced interrogation
About the lady's strange assault—
Whether it was the sentry's fault ?
Or sergeant's ? or the ladies own ?
Whether he thought the thing was blown ?
If so, how far ? and how things were ?
And whether *his* name was in th' affair ?
The which John answered—well he could
Being such an actor in the feud—



JOHNNY NEWCOMES
FIRST INTERVIEW WITH HIS PATRON



So well, it proved he felt (*sans doute*)
The subject which he spoke about.

John told the General all he knew
About his battle with the shrew ;
And for the part he acted in it,
The General gave him every credit.
Extoll'd his zealous promptitude
Exerted in that sorry feud,
And, with a look of *loaves and fishes*,
Assured him of his kindest wishes,
Which on his half-pay prospect shone
As, from a cloud, the sudden sun :
So much it dazzled by surprise,
It almost *straighten'd* Johnny's eyes !

At length the pudding's fruit came out,
In what the conference was about :
Lord Culverin confess'd he knew,
“ *A little* ” of this Irish shrew ;
And, as he knew her, wish'd to know
No more of her. As things were so,
He thought a confidential friend
Could manage matters to that end.
He wish'd, as Johnny now had been
An agent in the morning's scene,

And as he truly seem'd to be
One worthy of his secrecy,
That further he might lend his aid
To make the matter quieted.
In short, he wish'd his interference
To purchase Mrs. Tool's forbearance,
And, with a golden wand, to lay
This ghost in the Arabian Sea ;*
For with a troubled spirit she
Haunted his Lordship constantly.

In Johnny's all delighted eyes
Bright self-importance 'gins to rise,
While he consents to quickly use
His best endeavours in the cause.

Promptly all things are set in training—
Things scarcely worth just now explaining—
Besides such matters should not be
Exposed to curiosity.
I leave 't to ministers to deal
In secrets which they should conceal,

* "Laying a Ghost," or fixing it permanently in the Red Sea, was an operation with which the clergy of "the olden time" were well acquainted, and exclusively their own invention!!

Green bags I hate to open ; so
I'll let my good Pegasus go.

Instructions given and money counted,
Johnny upon his mission mounted,
Bowed, took his leave and forthwith fled,
To do the thing he promised.
But first the General bids him fix
His hour for dining—John says six.
Agreed—mum—that's the hour to see
The product of his embassy.

Off gallops John, he knew not whether
His head was Cheshire cheese or leather :
And twice or thrice he lost his way
In gazing at his destiny.
Now on a fruit-stall tumbles—pop :
Now stalks into a chandler's shop :
Now crosses o'er the Seine, and then—
By t'other bridge comes back again :
So much his eyes inclined to see
What passed with John internally—
So much his soul was bent upon,
The prospects of promotion !
He fancied private service told,

Better than public—fifty fold.
How true he thought, his future fate
No doubt will truly illustrate :
And thinking thus no wonder he,
Like others, lost his proper way.

Street came with street, thought followed
thought,
At length the very house he sought
Appeared by chance, and Mrs. Tool
Sat in the window, calm and cool ;
The sight of whom fixed Johnny's stare,
And brought his standing sense to bear.
He doubting knocks : the opening door,
Receives the bowing visitor
And shuts *me* out, for 'twould not be
Polite to break their privacy.
I'll let him play his part himself,
And put my tale upon the shelf,
To draw my breath, while Johnny tries
In secret, all his energies.

END OF CANTO II.

CANTO III.

THE hour at length, though slow, is gone—
My Lord still closeted alone—
The clock strikes six—the table's laid—
Th' expecting General pops his head
From window oft', in agitation,
Lest aught should mar his assignation :
Now rings the bells—again looks out—
Now sits—now stands—now walks about.
Each closely reckon'd moment gone,
His doubts still push him further on
Through all the busy acts which spring
Alone from downright fidgeting.
Sometimes he thinks she might refuse
With scorn, his offer of a truce ;
And thus, his officer had staid,
In vain essaying to persuade.

Another time that Johnny felt,
At her soft tale inclined to melt,
And pitying her, perhaps neglected,
To lay down things as he expected.
These fancies almost made the chin
Rise to the nose of Culverin,
Which bent—if more could bend, that feature
Than erst it did in state of nature :
So much his feelings, on his face,
Pull'd at the muscles of grimace.

Is it the gate's hoarse hinge ? It is.
And what appears ?—Is't Johnny's phiz ?
Yes. Not more consequential look
Could mark the brow of Leech or Cook,
When to the high and mighty man,
Their master, came they from Milan ;
Nor not more warmly welcomed in,
Than Johnny was by Culverin.

A whisper in the Gen'ral's ear,
Told him all things went right and square.
'Twas not fit time for explicating,
Dinner was served, and servants waiting,
Whose full made lugs could bear away,
Much more than even their masters say.

While masters eat and talk—each fellow
Stands by for nothing but to swallow
All things which drop in conversation,
And tid-bits by anticipation.

Now down to dinner *tête à tête*
They sat, and words were few and meet.
The *weather* occupied at least,
Their converse during half the feast—
That endless topic of John Bull,
And kindred with its subject dull.

But let not subjects dull entwine,
Around this willing verse of mine :
I've something better than bad weather,
To move my anxious goose's feather.
Then let me forthwith freely pass
From dinner to their after glass.

Desert complete, and ev'ry thing,
Such as pick teeth, and give "the king ;"
The servants gone, the door shut fast,
The business was begun at last.
Johnny unfolded the affair,
And turned the subject to a hair ;
While, as the noble General listen'd,
His eyes with satisfaction glistened.

All his arrangements pleas'd ; yet one
Important thing was left undone ;
For Cellarina Tool was high :
She loved the Irish vanity,
Preferring noble names to cash—
Bart'ring plain good for empty dash :
And so her next forth-coming son
She'd fix his lordship's name upon !
“ Your money cannot buy,” said she,
“ Soap to wash out nobility.”

The General open-mouthed stared,
The news came thus so unprepared :
It was a thunderbolt, and fell
Upon his wisdom's arsenal
With potent flash, that soon set fire
Unto his magazine of ire,
Whereon the high flag-staff of pride
Served to conduct th' electric tide.

“ What, bear my name,” the General said ;
Audacious woman ! haughty jade !
To mix my name with her base blood !—
Such scandal must not go abroad.
What would my lady say ?—the nation ?
At such a blot on reputation ?

And 'pon my soul—believe me, Sir,
 I *am* not—you know what t'infer.
 John bowed of course, believing what—
 Or seeming so—he hinted at,
 And with a most sagacious look,
 The matter gravely undertook,
 To settle to his lordship's wish,
 And catch her with a golden fish :
 “ If nothing else would please the elf,”
 Said he, “ I'll father it myself !”

The pleasing words thus said—up stands
 The smiling General—his hands
 Warmly embrace the friendly guest,
 And almost strain him to his breast.
 “ My generous friend, thy name shall be,
 Adorned in dress of heraldry.
 For this good service I'll endeavour
 To lift thee to thy Prince's favour ;
 I'll make thee * * * *
 * * * * *
 Ask but to have—all, all is thine,
 But—do not let this brat be mine.”

O, Johnny, when you left your aunt,
 And friendless o'er the ocean went,

Even when your dreamings most could please,
You never dreamt of sounds like these !
Did you not rather think that glory
Was yet ten thousand leagues before you ?
That deserts wide, and seas of blood,
Between you and the blessing stood ?
Could you have fancied such short cut,
To lead you thus so quickly to't ?
And, Johnny, when the morning's letter,
Around your leg locked half-pay's fetter—
O tell me did you fancy then
Your foot should ever move again ?

Queries like those by wine inflated,
And what the General's words created,
Rang in the youth's fond ear aloud,
As low he to his patron bow'd.
'Twas what he never could have thought :
His will was doubly—trebly bought.
Aye, for the hope of such high station,
He'd father every child i' th' nation.

Good humour followed, wine corks flew,
And cold acquaintance quickly grew
Into an atmosphere more warm,
And fellowship went arm in arm.

Stories were told, and scenes related,
Where many a husband's wit was cheated.
Of war mixed up with love and joke,
Right humourously the chieftain spoke ;
Describes a *bomb*—now hits a fort on,
Now th' *horn-work* storms *behind* the *curtain* :
Now comes he to his favourite wenches,
Anon stands in the bloody trenches :
Now charges, front and rear, the foe—
Now into lady's wide window ;
While at the close of every chime,
John rang his laugh in proper time.—
Never was John in half the tune,
To play the accompaniment, bassoon.

A laugh just ceas'd, the interval
Was interrupted by a small—
Piano tap upon the door :
Soon followed, waddling cross the floor,
A fine fat lady! By her side,
Veil'd like an eastern beauteous bride,
Curtsied a nymph, while off she drew
The threads which kept her face from view.

Th' astonish'd lord stands forth to pay,
His debt of gallant courtesy :

Anxiously asks how could she come,
Thus unobserved into his room ?
To which the old Madame replied,
In English sadly Frenchified,
“ *My Lor*, me an my chere fillette,
Spake to de man dat shut de gate,
And for von little cinque frank piece,
He sent de man to shew dis place.
Dat be de pretty, joulie maid,
Dat love de English black cockade—
Quinze ans—pas plus—Ah ! mon chere Lor,
She is de very pretty flow’r.”

“ Well, as it’s so,” said Culverin ,
“ And as you both are safely in,
We’ll e’en be happy—This, my friend,
Shall not a little pleasure lend.
Then seated be your lovely daughter—
I fear’d you never would have brought her ;
She is, by Heaven !—a Venus fair !
Isn’t she, Mr. Newcome ? see her !
With this the amorous Culverin,
Whisper’d, ’twixt hiccough and a grin,
Somewhat—I have not heard it yet—
I ween, refined and delicate !

And while he whispers, Johnny eyes
The trio with a mute surprise.

Enough premised, all parties sat,
And mingled merriment with chat ;
The cellar yields its choicest store,
To warm and bless the pregnant hour ;
The luxuries of the teeming year,
The massy golden vessels bear,
And epulary Sylphids fly,
To guard the happy secrecy.

“ Oh, Johnny”—thus thought he again—
“ Happiest—luckiest of men !
If those who quizz’d thee in their pride,
This morning, saw thee now beside
Him, for whose nod they’d not refuse
To stoop, and humbly kiss his shoes,
Would they, then, Johnny, sneer at thee ?
No, no ; their cordial wish would be,
To walk behind thee and to praise,
Even the beauties of your knees”—
And what he thought was not undue,
Most men keep to man’s picture true

Each other shun when least they ought,
And follow when they're needed not.

The wine wax'd warm—the night wax'd
late,
Against the window rain drops beat,
The storm increases, and increase
The joys of this love's nestling place.
The antiquated lover tries
His oft tried gallant energies,
Which not a whit the worse for wear,
Answer his purpose to a hair :
He views th' admiring passions swell,
Upon the list'ning demoiselle ;
He sees her eyes with rapt delight,
Follow his glories out of sight :
The long fixed eye—the look that tells,
How high the wond'ring bosom swells.
And when on peril touch'd *his tale*,
The essence of her sighs exhale,
She pats his war-beat cheek, and rise
Her very best of sympathies.
So on the warm devoted eye,
Of love-sick Roman Antony,
The Carthagenian Queen did prove,
Her powerful witchery of love.

Would that our English Culverin,
For sake of poetry, had been
Something about a score years younger,
My simile should then be stronger!

While the two lovers thus enjoyed
Their mutual feelings unalloyed,
Johnny and th' antiquated dame
Did, in some measure, just the same :
Both so polite, so bent to please—
She grace itself, he lounging ease ;
She labouring to explain her meaning
In broken English ; Johnny straining
His comprehensive powers to hit,
What her strange fancy would be at.

Thus they got on till past eleven,
Enjoying their terrestrial Heaven,
When rising slowly from her seat
Th' old lady moved to separate.
“ My Lor, you see, I go away,
I like not—*Je suis bien fâché*,
Une autre fois, I come to you,
And bring my jolie maiden too ;
Vien, petit, vien ! Now kiss my Lor,
Et dites “ adieu, mon bon amour ! ”—

“Good night, my Lor.”—“Stay, maiden, stay,”
The General cries, “not yet away ;
Fear not : no prying eye shall steal
A feature from beneath her veil ;—
I’ll see her out myself.”—“ Pardon,
My Lor, I could not think upon—
Mais, if de valets should now see her,
And tell my lady vat vas here,
O Ciel ! vat should I do ?”—“ Fear not,”
Replied the General, “ I’ll see to’t.
Sit down and don’t make such a fuss,
My Lady’s far enough from us ;
And hark ! the storm still beats the glass—
Sit down, at least until it pass.”

All circles once again, and join,
Their goblets of the sparkling wine :
Laugh louder grows, mirth swifter flies,
To swell their midnight revelries ;
Johnny’s light heart floats on the seas
Of glorious wine and happiness :
While Culverin feels boyhood run,
Throughout his soul on foot of fun.

Not more alarmed look’d Wellington,
When struck the drum his ear upon,



JOHNNY NEWCOMB'S

"EXHIBIT OF IMPROPER PROSE" BY MISS BARBARA LLOYD

Which broke the frolic of the night,
And filled with gloom the morning's light,
Of that dread day which led him to
The threatened plains of Waterloo,
Than, at a sound the halls within,
The lengthening face of Culverin ;
He pauses, stares, and all are dumb,
Again the sound.—“ My Lady's come !”
Ring from an hundred mouths, and now
Her, My Lady's, voice is heard below !
What's to be done ? Was ever chief
So much in need of prompt relief ?
Was ever head so little fit
As John's, to aid him by his wit ?
All fright and fainting—Hide—O hide
The nymphs from this o'erwhelming tide !
My Lady's voice and foot approach.—
Is there not room beneath the couch ?
“ No no—but here—quick—hide you in
This closet,”—whispers Culverin.
In fly the ladies—Johnny too—
Thinking, as they did, he should do ;
Never reflecting that my Lord
Should need his presence and his word

In case his Lady came, and so
Prevent embarrassment—But no,
Johnny was hid, and Culverin
Scarcely knew was he out or in,
Until, mild as the fair morn's light,
Which scares away the stormy night,
The lady's gentle glances shone,
Full on her sad Anacreon !

After the usual greetings, both
Sat down—she willing, he right loth.
They freely talk'd ; and pass'd unseen,
The strange confusion of his mien ;
My Lady fancying that my Lord
Had, merely, freely used the board.
At length, said she—" Travelling by night,
Methinks promotes the appetite,"
And ordered supper—Luckless word—
It fried the wig upon my Lord !
" Supper !"—Now stammers he, " I think
Suppers destroy the health—Pray drink
A glass of Hermitage, and come
At once into our sleeping-room."

No, supper she would have, she said,
Before she'd think of going to bed.
O then, for not remaining out,
Full many a secret curse John got :
Had he done that, she dare not stay,
Thus should his guests have got away.

Supper is served, and never hour
Pass'd with such dire oppressive power,
On human beings as it lay,
Upon the closet company.
Three jamm'd in such a nook ; and one
So out of all proportion.
Built as it was, a little place
Where only one could sit at ease—
O ! Johnny, 'twas enough to stew
The very inside out of you!—
Now if your all admiring aunt,
Could see you thus so closely pent
Beneath two women, one as big
As th' Hampshire prize, yeleft a pig,
Jamm'd in a nook—hardly a breath
To keep your suffering lungs from death,

How would she sorrow thus to see,
The last hope of her family.

Slowly an hour moved on; each minute
Held a whole century within it,
Alike to those who hid within,
As to the fearful Culverin.
Each fear'd the unlucky hand of evil—
The index finger of the devil,
Which oft' so woefully revealed
The very thing men wish'd concealed.
And points more frequently to those
Perplexing—mortifying woes,
Which Love incessantly displays
Whene'er he goes his waggish ways:
My Lord essays—as well as one,
Whose sense was not completely gone—
His worthy Lady to persuade,
To go along with him to bed ;
But woman's like a headstrong horse,
The more you pull her in, the worse:
When you've the bridle in the mouth,
To go to north you must pull south.

At length my Lord, whose head was not
In cue to carry on a plot,
Began to mutilate his phrases,
And run his thoughts thro' countless mazes ;
'Till tired of following, his tongue
Stopp'd short, or slowly jogged along,
Wearied with following the flight,
'Till thoughts and all were out of sight.

My Lady seeing her husband nod
Down to the soporific god,
And, though the hour was waxing late,
Feeling still more inclined to chat,
Used all her influence to rouse
Some spirit in her gallant spouse.
In vain the willing Lady tries,
T' enliven his Lordship's heavy eyes :
Now on the sofa sits beside him,
And now her witty fancies chide him :
In vain of home and *ton* she spoke—
Whose reputation crack'd or broke—
What rout was thin—what dinner cramm'd—
Whose name at court was made or damn'd—

To what fair dames were passports given,
To sail into the royal haven.
Who lost their cash, and who had got it—
Who sold their honour—who had bought it
In short, no stone was left untried
To turn away the sleepy tide ;
But all in vain, a nod or grin,
Was all that came from Culverin.
As well she might attempt to rise
The dead, as lift her husband's eyes !

Who snores ? Unlucky sound and sign,
Of arbitrary—fatal wine !
Who snores ? The music of repose,
Comes from his Lordship's noble nose !—
So potent was the leaden'd spell,
Of sleep upon the General,
That even his hand refused to pass
Unto his lips, their charge, the glass.
The head inclined upon the breast,
Shew'd how the yielding brain was press'd.
His senses bade all things good night,
Leaving the ladies and the wight,
Pent up, as none were pent before,
To brave the perils of the hour ;

Fearing almost their eyes to wink—
Almost to breathe—to look—to wink !
Never did patient being bear
So silently as Johnny there.
Never did human knee so weak,
Bear such a load and yet not break.
Grasp'd closely round the neck by one,
The other lean'd his shoulder on,
Standing above him, while his bent head
Its pill'ry bore, and seem'd contented :
Whether 'twas so from fear or will,
He shew'd his aunt's politeness still,
And being a necessary scene,
Which he ne'er hop'd to meet again,
He strain'd a point of resignation,
And noiseless bore his situation.

The imps of ill--if imps there be—
Thus 'gan to play their waggery ;
A dozen of the infernal brood
Upon his Lordship's eyelids stood ;
A hundred stuff'd into each ear
Their woolly heads, lest he should hear ;
Aye, and a thousand tied each limb,
While the chief imp indulg'd his whim.—

Proceeding deftly in the fun,
Of teasing poor unlucky John.

No sound is stirring—save the snore—
'Tis half past one o'clock and more ;
My Lady listens to my Lord.
Sounding the base somnific chord,
And, though fatigued, some influence,
Which th' evil imps shed o'er her sense,
Kept her all wakeful still, and made
Her disinclined to go to bed,
And now obedient to their power
Shelock'd—Heaven knows for what—the door,
Turn'd towards his Lordship, takes a peep
'To see if still he's bound in sleep ;
Hurried the taper off in haste,
And on the closet's latchet placed
Her snowy fingers—See—O see !
The boudoir of security,
Flashes its lightning of surprise
Right broadly on her startled eyes !
The screams of terror shake the walls,
And senseless down my Lady falls
In strong hystericks !—

Cease my pen—
Go to thy ink-stand back again ;
For all thy tribe—the first in skill,
From crow-pen to a master quill,
Should find their powers fall far behind—
Weak, as to rocks, the playful wind—
A feather in description's scale
To weigh this part of Johnny's tale !
How could'st thou paint the consternation
The trio-felt—the agitation
Shot through the vassals in the hall
Like Congreve-rockets, firing all ?
How, even with help of poet's fiction,
Attempt the terrible description
Of forcing in the fasten'd door—
My Lady writhing on the floor—
My Lord, half dreaming, stamping, swearing,
Through mists of wine and slumber staring ?
No, leave to Fancy scenes like these
To draw the picture as she please.

* * * * *

But come again :—to follow on
The story, we must follow John.

He and his brace of doves soon found
Their wings most useful, when unbound.
Pirates, in fogs 'scape observation,
So they i'th' fog of consternation :
And never pirates felt more glee
In knowing their security.

One trouble seldom comes alone :
This adage soon experienc'd John.
Scarcely the pleasures of escape
Took, in his mind, their proper shape,
When all his energies again
Were call'd to meet the coming scene.

The moon had dipped behind a cloud—
Epics would say “ put on her shroud,
Pallid and death-like, there to weep
And drop her tears on sorrows sleep.”
Well, if the winds and pouring rain,
Be signs of Luna's tears and pain,
Why then the moon, behind the cloud,
Not only wept but scream'd aloud.
Now in my odd poetic way—
Though odd it be—I'd rather say

That Luna, minx-like, hid, delighted
To see John and his doves benighted.
O! how it rained and how it blew!—
He in his silken stockings too!
The ladies—not a shawl nor hat—
Frills—laces—just as, erst, they sat,
In all their fripperies of pride,
The Noble General beside!
The street's deserted—not a coach
In embryo sound deigns to approach.
No door invites their steps—all shut;
And yet a mile, to go on foot!—
O John, if you were fried within,
You've now a bath to cool your skin!
No hope but trudge—plough on, plough on,
Between your turtles, gallant John:
Heed not the weight your arms sustain—
Splashes beneath—nor pelting rain:
Fear not, my friend; for thus you stray
Promotion's short, though doubtful way.

They walked, or rather *swam* their mile,
Murm'ring reproaches all the while.
Two languages united lent,
Their powers to curse the accident.

Now on the rain, now on the closet,
Their tongues their bitterest spleen deposit ;
For, e'en i'th' middle of their wetting,
They curs'd the squeeze and over-heating.

The long sought door appears, and opes
At last upon their wearied hopes :
The cheering sight, our hero's mind,
To all his past mishaps, resign'd ;
Forgetting, as good soldiers do,
All trouble when once out of view.
But when mishap is once begun,
We know not when it may be done.
Another ill came rolling on,
To mortify unlucky John.
He hoped at least to pass an hour,
Within, safe from the pelting shower ;
And heaven knows what he hoped beside,
In hot imagination's tide ;
But when the sound struck on his ear,
Thus—" Monsieur Newcome—au plaisir"—
When th' hasty nod—the hurried foot—
The door shut close—the bolting out,
Proved, to an ample demonstration,
How futile his imagination,

His eyes stood firmly fix'd in gaze—
His very soul in deep amaze !
Down drops, in haste, his nether jaw,
Electrified at what he saw.
As Virgil says—Poets must quote
To shew their learning—so they ought—
Quotations often throw more light,
Ten fold, than they themselves can write—
Sometimes they quote to show how well,
They understand their works to swell ;
Thus saving to their own good brains
A mighty world of *labour-pains*.—
I say, as Virgil gravely sung,
* His voice fast to his jaw-bones clung ;
And when his tongue o'ercame its tightness
Hestammered—"Curse your French politeness!
"Give me John Bull with all his faults—
"The worst of Pats—the worst of Scots,
"Rather than all the boasted graces
"That ornament your country's faces ;
"With all your bright Parisian gloss,
"You're pinchbeck—gilding over dross."

* Vox faucibus hæsit.

As oft' his aunt, in cholic pain,
Felt sudden ease from medicine ;
So pouring this invective out,
Soon brought John's injured nerves about.
He was not one who champ'd the bit
Of rancour till his teeth were split :
His mind, like strand at ebb tide, gave
A field where one might carve and cleave,
But the next visit of the sea,
Wash'd the impressions quite away.
And now the waves by Pleasure's light,
Begin to move before his sight,
From that attractive gulph infernal
Yclept in French " Le Palais Royale :
There he determined well to lave
All troubles from his mind ; and have,
As oft he had before—a night
Of heterogeneous delight ;
For he, though drench'd, on fun was bent ;
So, splashing, headlong in he went,
Adding unto the motley flock
Another precious grinning stock.

'Twas just the hour when scatter'd groups
Of fair ones, sharpers, and their dupes—

Of gamesters, beggars, noblemen—
Of many a houseless denizen—
Shov'd on the willing wheels of time,
In love with poverty and crime.
Our hero stares around ; and who
Can fancy what attracts his view ?
All roaring drunk—squat on the ground
Sat Snub his valet ; while, around,
The sons and daughters of the night,
Grinning, enjoyed the *English* sight,
Pricking the Bull's weak side—for that
Is th' only point they *dare* be at :
If sober he, these sons of fun,
Before that Bull, in crowds, would run.

Snub—ever anxious to attend
His master, as a secret friend—
At one, exactly off had set,
With *meet provisions* 'gainst the wet,
To seek his master where he might,
Most probably, have passed the night ;
But wine, will, five francs, and the rain,
So operated on his brain,
Through the bright medium of the glass,
They left him sitting where he was.

He soon, though drunk, his master spies,
And three times, full, attempts to rise ;
And three times laughter echoes round,
As Snub's best efforts meet the ground ;
But a fourth, made with might and main,
Up props him on his legs again.
He runs, he clasps his master fast,
He roars, " I've found thee, Zur, at last."
Then bursting into laughter loud
Set roaring all the grinning crowd !

Whene'er, by wine, Snub lost his level,
He grew *abominably* civil—
So civil, that no rank was free
From his impressive courtesy :
His treacle-tenderness of soul
In sweeping cat'racts lov'd to roll ;
No matter who—no matter where—
He'd hug a duchess or a bear.
No wonder, then, his master's presence
Called forth his feeling's very essence.

John, not much soberer than he,
Was some time ere he shook away

The tough embrace ; and stammering out
A curse, he seized him by the throat,
And would have, but for those hard by,
Returned Snub's kindness *properly*.

All uproar !—Johnny leaves the crowd,
With Snub addressing it aloud :
More potent language call'd him hence—
The gaming table's eloquence :
That spot where burns the tempting flame,
Round which the votaries of game,
On giddy wing, pursue their flight,
Then drop down from the fatal light ;
Depriv'd of ev'ry power to rise—
Of even Pity's sympathies !

Here, down he sat, with card and pin,*
That sure wiseacre-way to win,

* In the gaming circles of the Palais Royale *Trente une*, or Rouge et Noir, forms the principal feature. In order to illustrate this passage of the poem, it may not be amiss to give an outline of the game, for those readers who are unacquainted with it. It is played at an

Set all his pockets' store in view,
And prefaced what he meant to do
By pregnant question, gravely put—
By shuffle new, and formal cut,
Important nod that seem'd to say
“ I'll baffle e'en your *une-apres*.”

oblong table, on which is placed two areas of coloured cloth (black and red) enclosed by a white line. The sum to be risked is placed upon either of those spaces or colours at the will of the player. All sums risked being now staked, a dealer in the centre commences to turn up in a line each card until their number of spots amount to upwards of thirty; and whatever that number is above thirty, up to forty, is placed for the decision of black; the dealer then turns up in a like manner for red, and which ever colour has the lowest number, or nearest to thirty, wins, and the bank pays the amount of the sum risked to the player. It is therefore a game of equal chance, except for the banker, who has vast odds in his favour; thus, that whenever thirty-one turns up for both colours, which is called *une apres*, the bank takes one half of all sides without destruction. It is most amusing to observe the various systems and calculations adopted by the players,

All eyes were on him—Christian, Jew,
French, German, Russian, Prussian too,
Behind their long mustachios, stared
At th' English hero thus prepared,
With breaching battery of cash
The long besieged bank, to smash.
He fired away his balls of gold,
But not one shot in twenty told!
The mad presuming play of John
Was somewhat like the Burgos gun,*
Which England and her allies brought
To scare that city's Frenchmen out;

all of which, from the nature of the game, must be visionary ; for these purposes they use a card and pin to mark each decision or event in the deal, by which at one glance they are enabled to see how many times each colour has won, and some are so fanatically systematic that they will put down their money two or three successive times, certain of losing, as they think, for the purpose of doubling all at the last, with not a jot more chance than at the first.

* It is remarkable that at the disastrous attack on Burgos by H. G. the D. of W. only *one Gun* was opened upon the town ! The army sadly know what followed.

And like it proved its master's folly
In consequences melancholy.
On play'd he, while, with each event,
His wisdom and his money went.
He follow'd ev'ry subtle course
Which system lends—but still grew worse :
Now goes with all, and now opposes :
Now black, now red, now neither chooses :
He follows one of luckier play
But scares his fortune's smiles away ;
Opposes, now, a luckless wight
Who won not once the live long night,
When, quickly, to the contra roll'd
The fugitive, deceptive gold :—
Whatever colour Johnny tried
Fortune sat grinning t'other side.

This scene of his nocturnal play
Perform'd, our hero reel'd away,
Lighter, by many pounds, than when
He crossed the threshold of the den ;
And just as light of heart, for ne'er
That heart retained one prudent care.
The use of cash but seem'd, to him,
The pass partout to fun and whim,—

A point on which his aunt and he
Could never properly agree ;—
Yet, as he went, a passing sigh
Brought forth this short soliloquy.

“ Well, Johnny, this eventful night
Hath left thee in a woeful plight ;
Fleec’d of thy cash, drunk, drench’d with rain,
A butt for folly’s idle train !
Hang all the sex ; for women bring
To men all sorts of suffering !
If ’twere not for them thou should’st be
In bed, now, snoring happily.
This morn a fair one’s fingers brought
To jeopardy thy gasping throat ;
This night a brace combined to squeeze
Thy head and neck betwixt thy knees ;
Through mud and mire then swam thee on
Their all obedient chaperon,
And then, forsooth, politely shut
Thee and the raging tempest out,
Leaving thee, there, to find thy way
To loose thy pockets’ store at play.
Hang all the sex ! I wish I’d staid
And wisely—— ” but no more he said,

Nor could he, for he, turning, stumbled
And o'er a prostrate body tumbled,
Which unexpected new vexation
Cut short th' important cogitation !
The noise and fall brought to his aid
The scatter'd few that near him stray'd ;
'Mongst whom a regimental pair
Of Johnny's laughing chums appear,
Whom, time and prudence to beguile
Had "kept it up" in glorious style ;
They lent their hands ; he rises, greeting
With hearty laugh their early meeting,
And all, enquiring, crowd around
The shapeless mass upon the ground.
They try to raise him, but the weight
Was more than all could elevate.
" I know 'tis human by its head,"
Says one, " try, is he dead ?"
Another gives his nose a tweak,
In hopes to make the slumberer speak.
The squeeze, dealt with such might and main,
First made him grunt, then roar with pain ;
And such a roar ! The stentor-note
Prov'd it was Snub beyond a doubt,

Who, like his master, pass'd the hours
In culling Bacchanalian flowers,
'Till by their flavour quite o'erpress'd
He sunk, amidst their sweets, to rest.

The morn, now flashing in her light
Upon those remnants of the night,
Shew'd Johnny and his friends 'twas meet
Prudently homeward to retreat.
But leave his squire in such a plight!—
'Twas most unworthy gallant knight;
And walk he would not—nay, nor stand—
Move tongue, nor head, nor foot, nor hand.
But this dilemma soon was ended,
And things set right—or rather mended,
For at the gate a voiture stands,
Waiting for such as John's commands.

A frame or two soon lifted Snub—
This skin of wine—this human tub—
Upon the coachman's back, which bore
A weight it never felt before.
The laughing group surround, and John,
Though Snub's own master, led the fun,

Full oft' they choak'd the coachman's road,
To ask him how he liked his load,
Who, bending 'neath the ponderous mass,
Finding they would not let him pass,
Sans ceremonie, threw the wight
In dudgeon down—and well he might,
For what French back could bear, alone,
Such weighty jests with fourteen stone.

At length four able hands surround,
And lift the sleeper from the ground.
The coach is ready, open, yet
The thing's to get him into it.
Feet foremost—that they tried, but found
Their calculations all aground.
The head's the only way—but then
The shoulders stop his progress in,
Yet Johnny's foot, with *sole* of whim
Placed at the latter end of him,
Would—had the door been wide and free—
Have push'd him into't certainly.

At length they place him on his side
And Snub's right in, prepared to ride,



JOHNNY AND HIS MAN SUE
PINNING THE NIGHT AT THE PALAIS ROYAL



Still snoring ; and if ten times more
Had passed, still happy Snub would snore.
His master follows him, while grin
The pleased beholders of the scene.
Windows fly open, night-cap'd heads,
Hurry in wonder from their beds
To hear the laugh, and see the fun,
Of *English* master and his man.
All ready, rapid roll the wheels,
Shouts follow, laughter loudly peals :
The Palais' annals never bore
So strange a scene as this before,
And, if they know not English men,
Perhaps may never know again.

END OF CANTO III.

CANTO IV.

AFTER a night as John had pass'd
Sleep, long forbidden, comes at last.
I need not say the sun had crept
Beyond the zenith, while he slept,
That Turkey coffee, muffins dress'd
Burn'd for the long-expected guest ;
Such must, of course, await on him
Whose night is spent in wine and whim.

John would have slept a day or two—
Perhaps a week—had not a few
Right merry wags burst in his door
And roll'd him headlong on the floor :
Yet even then he did not 'wake
'Till some one gave his nose a tweak,—

Precisely such a pinching dose
As stimulated Snub's repose
The night before, when, roaring he
Proved its effects effectually.
This drew the veil of sleep away
And shew'd John stern reality ;
Who rubs his eyes and looks around
With half a laugh, yet had he found
The wag who thus his slumbers broke,
He would have given him joke for joke.
But all stood *innocently* gazing,
Incapable, as 'twere, of teasing.
Where all are rogues alike, not one,
The cap we make will fit upon ;
And *numbers* often make a joke
Go down, that otherwise would choak :
On that account he join'd the glee,
Arising from their waggery ;
For many a tougher joke went down,
The uncontracted throat of John.

Soon, at the breakfast table, sat
He and the group in merry chat,
To which Snub's presence gave a zest,
Impregnate with the cream of jest.

That simple subject knew not why
He thus provoked their raillery,
For all that passed the night before
Was smothered in his Palais' snore :
Not ev'n the bitterest of his woes—
Id est the tweaking of his nose—
Remembered he, 'twas nought but smoke,—
Mere water thrown upon the duck.
Nor did our hero 'scape their wit ;
Full home they dealt him many a hit,
Which he returned ; and sprightlier too
By far, than he was wont to do.
All had observed how much more gay
John look'd and spoke, than yesterday,
And none could fancy how his heart
Could feel so light, so near to part
With such a worthy coterie,
As they supposed themselves to be.
Little they knew how quick he'd gone
His march towards promotion,
And in the course of one short day
Out-run the *running-mad half-pay.

* At this time half-pay was the *rage*.

Little these worthies knew; and less
Their little faculties could guess :
But when a golden footman's head,
Bowling, by Snub politely led,
Entered, the mystery crossed and doubled
And speculations boil'd, nay bubbled.
Johnny with consequence serene,
Seemed to anticipate the scene :
He takes—he reads th' important note—
Hems—rises—calls the lacquey out,
And, after well adapted stay,
Returns and looks most *meaningly* ;
First taking care that all ears heard
His last words “ take it to *my Lord*”—
To every ear, to every eye
The word was electricity :
No more the sly sarcastic jest
Was tried—east turned to west :
All changed to serious conversation—
Allusion kind—wise observation—
Such as men often make to those,
They think rub skirts to noble clothes ;—
In short, they now began to see,
Our hero very differently ;

Not clad in half-pay's weeds, but dress'd
In all becoming interest.

Evening approaching—*breakfast* finished,
Th' assembly, one by one, diminish'd,
And John at length was left alone,
Right happy when the last was gone.
The hour which promptly called him hence
Was come : events of consequence
Hung on each moment !—Forth he hies
With embryo greatness in his eyes ;
To Cellarina first, and then
To make report to Culverin,
Obedient to the note, no doubt,
Which brought such speculations out.

His toilet done—a voiture ready
To bear him to the expecting lady,
He goes, and makes in one short hour,
His patron's peace for ever more.
No wonder then his pride dilates
As drives he to the General's gates !
No wonder that the General hails
The sound of Newcome's carriage wheels !

Self-interest is the sweetest key,
On which a great man's friendships play ;
The magnet which unites its power
With metal or its earthy ore.
All confident and debonair,
The guest alights. Such forward air
Would seem a paradox, if we
Think of last night's discovery ;
But the communicative note,
Lets a most cogent reason out ;
It told that Lady Culverin
Set out for London back again,
The very hour that frightened John
And his two ladies fair were gone ;
Therefore the only eye he fear'd,
Most luckily, had disappeared ;
Which circumstance was calculated
To make his air still more inflated :
Besides to make the vassals stare,
There's nothing like a dashing air !!
And though not made in form or face,
To awe with mien, nor please with grace,
Yet those who've heard my tale must know,
John ne'er himself had fancied so.

We'll pass the secret *tête à tête*,
Nor dip our fancies into it,
For every one with half a thought,
Can guess the business 'twas about.
Suffice to say that ere 'twas ended
Johnny was "*to be recommended*,"
And—O ! delectable event !—
Placed on THE PEACE ESTABLISHMENT.

I should have heretofore premised
This day was to be solemnized
By all the military folk,
In dinner, wine—and then in *smoke*.
Thither our General must repair ;—
He should already have been there,
And so our hero ;—but the great
Must always make a dinner wait ;
For mutton cold, and fish half callid
Are quite the things for noble palate.
The meeting's upshot was that both
Coach'd quickly off—John "*nothing loth*—"
With "*grand companions*" full a dozen
All worthies by the General chosen :
Whose stomachs,—as before, in Spain
Were well prepared to bear *champaign*.

Our hero and the group arrive
An hour beyond th' appointed five,
And after bows, and nods, and graces,
From pliant necks and made up faces,
The blushing, smoaking, groaning, board
Receives the hungry sons o' th' sword.
Full nineteen out of twenty seats
Could boast a brace of epaulets ;
The men whom modern Mars esteems
With *pretty handles* to their names ;—
The Hons. and Barts. and K. C. B.'s,
And “ ready cut and dried ” M. P.'s,
By far weighed down the humble few,
Of Mr.'s, aye and Captains too.
With such high wights, John *cheek-by-joled*,
Appeared like silver set in gold ;
But to his own *discerning* eye,
His silver gave *more* brilliancy,
And those around but showed to John
The *elegance* with which it shone.
Some of his *friends*, whose restless wit,
Tried yesterday his pate to hit,
Were near him too, and in their eyes,
Staring from *cravat-pillories*,

John, though he squinted, well could see
Astonishment and jealousy.

Snub by his master's chair attended
In livery deck'd, though no ways splen did,
And with his wonted simple nature,
Would tend no other living creature
Except himself, and 'twixt the two,
He had a busy job to do.
Now mark :—amidst the war of dishes,
Not only what the master wishes,
But what himself approves he brings,
O'erwhelming him with "choice good things ;"
Which words he whisper'd as the cue,
Whene'er he brought him something new ;
Nor could his master's mutt'ring curse
Avail,—Snub still got worse :
His *dutiful affection* grew
At every course more warm and true :
With Snub it was in due proportion,
As went down wine came out devotion,
Until his master's patience fried
In smothering rage—nay almost died,

Fearing lest Snub's unpolished way
Should fix on him vulgarity ;
Yet fearing more to shew his rage,
Thus, in the sun of patronage.

Away the night went rolling on,
And with it reel'd the head of John ;
His tongue, by wine well moistened, shew'd
How fast his stream of fancy flowed.
And whose did not ? Never a set
Of louder talking toppers met :
Battles were fought, and men did more
Than ever men had done before—
All Europe, into piece-meal, cut—
Whigs put in office,—tories out ;
Old laws were mended, new ones made,
And props put under falling trade,
Which, like some Statesmen's props, soon broke,
And plans and all were lost in smoke.

Eleven had toll'd, and those whose heads
Were misty, staggered to their beds :
Others, who never in the field
Of war or wine were known to yield,

But fight as long as they were able—
Right sticklers of the old mess table,
Remained behind, and John was not,
Though youngest, worst among the lot.
Old Culverin rejoiced to see
Such promise in his protégé,
And hoped he, one day yet, would lead,
A dozen bottles to his bed ;
Thus passing, by one third at least,
The **greatest* votary of the feast.

At length when all was noise and bother,
And one man scarcely saw the other.

* It is stated that our English champion of the glass has never yet exceeded eight bottles ; but this is contradicted by the very best authority : it is well known that in the year 1820, he has come up to eleven and a half, to which he had been rising gradually during the preceding year. It is also asserted that the Queen's affair alone (from giving him a peculiar zest for his bumpers,) has brought him up, one and a half at least ; and it is expected it will increase his capacity *ad infinitum*.

Away the General slyly steals,
And leaves the group all heads and tails ;
But John whose eyes both sides could see,
Perceived the movement instantly :
To shew attention, off he reels,
And staggers at his patron's heels—
Like Snub, so loving, kind, and civil,
Though wish'd that moment at the devil.
However, as 'twas *only* John,
He took his arm and totter'd on ;
But where his Lordship meant to go
We know not, and we could not know ;—
Yet were we to indulge suspicions,
He went on one of Cupid's missions.
I say, we could not know, for soon
Was broke the link by staggering John ;
Elate with wine and fortune's glow,
His heart gave way to frolic's flow.
I' th' house by which he passed he said—
Nay swore—there lived a merry maid,
Who, when he knock'd, would let him in,
Inviting general Culverin.
A maid ! and merry too !—the word
Soon weighed upon my jolly Lord,

And at the door they knocking stand
To wait the fair one's opening hand.

The casement rises, glimmering light
Shews them the goddess of the night,
And both address, in *hiccough* soft,
The source of love and joy aloft :
When, crack'd as croak of winter crow,
A voice replied "*Que voulez vous ?*"—
But wine oft makes a crow a dove,
And turns a satyr into love.
Old Culverin well proved the truth
Of what I say, and so the youth.
Both stammered words of passion's flame
With ardour, to the listening dame—
For *Dame* she was, and old and fat—
She wonder'd what they would be at ;
But when her eyes were opened quite,
And saw the matter fair and right,
Old woman like, she seized a mug—
A jar—a pitcher—or a jug—
For 'twas so dark we know not what
Exactly—be it peal or pot ;
Forthwith she threw its whole contents
Down at the love essaying Gents,

Who were within an ace of getting,
A most *abominable* wetting.

This was an answer to their love,
And proved a crow is not a dove.
Out flew John's sword, and with one slash
Down falls the lamp with hideous crash :
The patrol of the night was near,
And, at the noise, forthwith appear ;
But Culverin, too wise to stay,
Midst the confusion reeled away,
No doubt right glad of the occasion
To go and keep his assignation.

John is the hostage for the damage,
As well as the unseemly tapage :
At first, all consequence disdaining,
He mulishly refused explaining ;
But when came fully on his eye
The terrors of authority—
Which, by the bye, though drunk he saw
As well as any limb of law—
His high position dropp'd a pace,
And yielded to set forth his case,

At which the officer of night,
Seemed sorry for the hero's plight,
Demanding merely his address,
As *finis* to the business ;
At which John gave a card, and so
Both parties parted with a bow.

We'll pass the night, for nothing pass'd
Worthy a single verse to waste,
And come to that which next day came
From John's misrepresented name.

On Johnny's table every day,
Full many a card of visit lay,
Now one of those, by accident,
Into his pocket deftly went ;
No doubt conveyed by imps of ill,
Their cups of wickedness to fill.
And this same card, on which was written
Full plainly, " Captain Paul Kanetten,"
John gave the officer of night,
Who knew not but the card was right :
So, as the drum announced parade,
This officer appearance made.



JOHN AND HIS PATRON
UNDER AN ODD MISTAKE



Politely to the first he met—
The Major 'twas—he doff'd his hat,
And for the Captain asks; but he
Attended not parade that day.
Illness confined him to his bed :
At which the Frenchman shook his head,
And, after many *hems* and *haws*,
Spoke of the broken lamp and laws.
Th' astonished Major all denied,
And said the Captain was belied ;
But when he saw his very card,
He dropp'd his crest, and silent stared.
But how to reconcile the thing
With reason set him pondering :
For Captain Paul he left at ten
Stripp'd, safely in his bed : but then
The Frenchman's rational description,
Together with the card's direction,
Silenced denial ; so he said
He'd lead him to the Captain's bed,
Where he might satisfy his eyes
And put an end to all surmise.

Forthwith the doctor's call'd, to know
If both can to the patient go ;

To which, he—learning the affair—
Assented, and went with the pair.
The Captain from his bed surveys
The accoutred Frenchman with amaze.—
Now Paul look'd with his night cap on,
Not very much unlike to John ;
And by the Frenchman's quick grimace
They saw he recognised his face.

The business open'd, Paul replied,
And warmly every charge denied :
“ As well,” he says, “ you might persuade
That now I speak without a head.”
But had he used the subtlest words
Which logic's potent tongue affords,
All would have been, like pebbles thrown
To make a breach and take a town.
Still tried the stranger to persuade,
Still ev'ry argument essay'd,
To shew the Captain what he meant.
He said 'twas never his intent
The gentleman to prosecute :
He would not for a dukedom do it.
“ Sir,” said the condescending Gaul,
“ Pay for the broken lamp—that's all.”

Now Paul, irascible by nature,
Sent forth his rage at ev'ry feature,
Jumps from his bed, lets fly an oath
Like thunder, and, in spite of both
His prudent friends, grasps on the throat
Of poor Monsieur and—turns him out ;
Who, muttering curses down the stair—
“ Ha ! *Sacré beef-steak !—pomme de terre.*”—
Flew to the bureau de police
T' impeach this breaker of the peace !
Now, where was John ? Why safe in bed :
Like Paul he came not to parade ;
But buried deep in slumbers lay
Unconscious of this strange affray.

What trifling incidents in life
May set in motion heaviest strife !
How often is the weight of law
Uplifted by a single straw
Scarcely an hour had pass'd, when all
That weight fell thundering down on Paul.
A long *official* meets his eyes
In all the horrors of surmise,
His Colonel's writing ! Well he guess'd—
It plac'd him under close arrest,

On charges—black—built up in lies—
Preferr'd by the authorities !

What's to be done ? His rage boil'd out,
He paced his chamber round about ;
Now bursting into fits, and then
Falling to death-like calm again.
He who with Scotland's boasted sense,
Had heap'd up hoards of consequence ;
To lose in one short hour his claim
Of two apprenticeships to Fame—
Why 'twas enough to make his hair
Fly up and leave his cranium bare.

They say, to man all things are meant,
Both bad and good, with good intent.
Now here all thinking people thought
The adage proved beyond a doubt ;
For this effect th' affray had made—
It brought him from a sickly bed,
On which he might, a month, have lain
If trusting to his medicine.

Forthwith a military court
Is form'd, t'enquire and make report ;

At which the Frenchman swears through all
The charges 'gainst poor Captain Paul,
Who, in a long address, in vain
Tried to wash out the perjured stain.
An oath's an oath—the witness swore—
The court must hear—could hear no more.

Th' enquiry's ended—Paul half mad
Is wrongly placed again to quod.
He speaks to one—he speaks to t'other—
Appeals to friend—appeals to brother—
But so direct the proof appeared,
None could have fairly interfered.

At length in lounged our hero John,
To see what work was going on.
When him th' astonished Frenchman sees
He roars—down drops upon his knees,
Proclaiming John to be the wight
That broke the lamp on yesternight;
Acknowledging he falsely swore,
And in contrition kiss'd the floor!*

* The extravagance of expression in voice and gesture, evinced by the French in sudden impulses, is remarkable.

Th' irascible Kanetten felt
Now just as much inclined to melt,
As erst he was to rage—and who,
That saw the scene would not feel so ?
But more in him whose angry blood,
Is ever at his passion's nod :
The man that's readiest to resent,
Is also readiest to relent.
So hands were shook and faults forgiven,
And every thing made square and even,
Except with John—with him remained
Some matters yet to be explained ;
For not one jot of what had pass'd,
The night before, from first to last,
Remembered he, not even the wetting—
Sufficient dose to cure forgetting !
The thing was now to make John's mind,
To what the Frenchman said, resign'd ;
A task as hard to do no doubt,
As turn the Captain's head about.
At first he laugh'd, but when he found
The prosecutor kept his ground,
And like a mule in his position,
Bore firmly on this strange misprision,

He could not bear it any longer—
His very nose grew red with anger—
Nay, would have, like the Captain, put
The witness and his charges out,
And thus have settled the mistake,
If 'twere not for decorum's sake.

The imputation being denied,
All was of course on Johnny's side ;
For who could credit one who swore,
So strongly and so false before ?
Such evidence—so cracked and split—
To *certain state affairs* may fit ;
But in a court of *honest* men,
It is not worth a broken pin.

If Monsieur with the Captain seem'd
Convinc'd that he had rightly deem'd,
He lost all patience, quite, when John
Asserted he was not the man :
Grimace and gesture shew'd the flame
That shook, anon, his suffering frame,
And, like a maniac, forth he ran,
Cursing "*the von dam Englishman.*"

Whether John really forgot
Th' affair in question, or did not,
Remains a doubt ; yet all suspected
This want of memory was affected ;
And if it was, why 'twas a hit
Superior to the *Newcome*-wit ;
Nay passing many things, by far
Cried up as wonders at the bar.
Not only did he oust the stranger,
But 'scaped another weightier danger,
The serious reprimand of Paul
In shape of little pistol-ball.
The *gothic* Captain could not brook
The very semblance of joke,
Much less a joke so deeply play'd
As thus to roll him out of bed,
And fiercely rise his ready blood
To such extraordinary feud.
Thus John succeeded ; but the joke
Was rightly marked on every look ;
Yet what could their surmise avail ?
They only saw the fox's tail ;
His head was out of sight, and none
Could say that head resembled John.

The business thus being set at rest,
Our hero, laughing at the jest
Within his sleeve,—and surely none
Had half such cause to laugh as John—
Set off with hurried step to play
Another card of flattery,
And keep the game he play'd so well,
By calling on the General;
With whom he soon sat *tete-a-tete*,
In self-importance consummate,
And in the fullness of inflation,
Set forth the comical narration
Of card, and officer, and Paul
Kanetten's rage, his trick, and all
With so much freedom, so much grin,
That in the eyes of Culverin,
A few out-riding sparkles showed,
High pride was coming on the road;
But John, from very obvious cause,
Saw not th' approach, nor deign'd to pause,
But gallop'd wildly on, unheeding
The meet attention to good breeding,
When he should have drawn up his *ass*,
To let the chief's *high charger* pass.

Whenever men of greatness bend,
To act the smooth familiar friend
With these who sit beneath them, in
Life's rows—like John and Culverin—
We'll find self-interest is the thing,
Which bends the neck's unpliant spring ;
Take but the cause away, I ween
Things come back to their place again :
In one there's something more than kindness,
In t'other voluntary blindness—
A blindness such as strikes the sight
From unexpected glaring light.
Now Culverin—as he had got,
The kernel clearly from the nut,
And purchased, through John's interference,
The awful Mrs. Tool's forbearance ;
He wished full heartily—how civil !—
Poor Cousin Johnny to the devil ;
And wishing thus, no wonder that
He relished not his forward chat :
In short he soon found means to end,
The conference with this would-be friend ;
But did it with as good a grace,
As e'er marked sycophantic face,

By telling him that “for his good,
T’were meet he, forthwith, took the road
To th’ Horse Guards, London, and attend,
A *day or two*, the General’s friend,
Whom he assured would John supply,
With an appointment *cavalry*.”
This was right well—altho’ not quite
As John had thought the fish would bite ;
He hoped—alas! his hopes were wrong—
To be the General’s *aid-de-camp* :
But half a loaf—considered John—
Is better still by half than none ;
So with a smile he condescended
To what his patron recommended ;
And after some forced retrospections,
On Cellerina Tool’s affections,
On broken lamp, and drunken freak,
And midnight *watery* mistake ;
The *friends* shook hands, like Joe and Giles,
And ’midst professions, thanks, and smiles
Parted, the one full sad at heart,
The other sighing—*but to part*.

CANTO V.

WE'LL pass the night which Cousin pass'd
In merriment, as t'was the last
The *infantry* enjoy'd of him
Whose deeds produced such mirth and whim :
We'll pass it for the same old thing,
Expanded on its vivid wing,
Wit, wine, toast, song, and frolic laugh,
Made lips and hearts their nectar quaff,
And when the parting morning broke,
As usual, all was lost in smoke.
All hands shook Johnny's, and " Good bye,"
If not from tongues, spoke from each eye :
Some hiccough'd " John-ie—fare-thee-well,"—
And so the night to silence fell.
" Thus do my pleasures, follies, strife,
With those friends, cease, " and so will life,

Like this short night flit fleetly by,
So morn stalk in all silently.
Full many a night, I've pass'd with those ;
I've found some friends I thought some foes,
Yet if the first were fairly tried
They'd far out-balance t'other side ;
For those I thought were foes, this night
Set forward in a different light,
And every rankling sparkle's rays,
Were smothered in the generous blaze.—
Farewell, farewell !"—said John—And here
He wiped away a starting tear,
From which we reckon—by the bye—
The *drop* was doubtless in his eye :
So be it.—Off then Cousin mov'd
To Snub's bed-side, for it behoved
That easy, lazy son of Nod,
To make all ready for the road.
He calls his man, anon he shakes him,
Again he calls, but nought awakes him ;
For Snub the night like master spent,
In giving parting feelings vent,
And scarcely twenty minutes fled,
Since he rolled speechless into bed.

John called, and hawl'd, and thrice Snub's nose
As usual pull'd to break repose,
But all in vain, he might as well
Pull handle of a broken bell.
At length the influence of the bed,
Attracted Johnny's heavy head ;
So down he dropp'd, and soon began
To snore a second to his man ;
Nor ceased the loud duet until
The sun's strong beams the chamber fill,
And mid-day bustle spreads around,
To wake the slumberers profound :
When each, as if a ghost had stood,
Before him in his grisly shroud,
Survey'd the other—not knowing whether,
They *really* were thus placed together,
Or, in the clouds of sleep were dreaming,
So strange—so singular the seeming.
But soon remembrance, and the light
Set their distorted fancies right,
And brought down roughly on poor Snub,
The broad, and customary *rub*
On such occasions : but as elves,
Who see their betters like themselves,

Knee-deep in mire delight to say—
“Tho’ deep, I’m not so deep as they,”
So simple Snub made this reply,
“The fault, Zur’s your’s, and not of I.—
You slept yourself.”—“What’s that to you,
If I sleep pray must you sleep too?”
“But sure,” says Snub, “as heather’s heather,
’Twas your fault that we slept *together*,
If you had called me”—“Why you clod,”
Says John,—and rose his angry blood,—
My lungs are crack’d, and hoarse with calling,
My very arms are tir’d with hauling
That callous nose of your’s”—Snub put
Up instantly his fingers to it,
Then coolly said—“Well—well I’m sure,
It is the first I heard on’t Zur.”
John laugh’d, and felt that Snub was not
A whit more than himself in fault;
And thus the business having ended,
They set about what *could* be mended.
Within one hour the wheels began
To roll with master, and his man,
And scarcely half another fled,
When motley Paris vanished.

They pass'd from league to league, yet nought
Of import happened on their route ;
Their nags ran merrily, and fast,
For Cousin's whip of cash could last
Full twice the journey, and his soul
Was perched upon the looked for goal,
Old England, where true comfort spreads
Her mantle o'er her children's heads,
Which, though of plain and homely stuff,
Though foreign fops may say 'tis rough,
Is worth a million such as they
Possess—their *threadbare finery*.

Swift went the nags, swift our's shall go,
Pegasus ne'er was counted slow
On such occasions. St. Denis,
Ecouen, Suzarches, Chantilly,
Breteuil, Amiens, and Novion,
Montreuil, and *angled* Boulogne,
(Where many a nod our hero's way
Enlivened, from the Sub's half-pay,)
Take place behind the rolling wheels,
And Calais streets their pressure feels.
Soon the light bark with snowy wing,
For England prompt and fluttering,

Tells the half melancholy John
His French career is well nigh done,
And scarcely had he time to throw
A bowl of soup, and pound or two
Of mutton down his hungry throat,
When th' envious message from the boat
Cut short the prowess of his fork,
And stop'd Snub's mouth-distending work,
At which the landlord inward smil'd
To see his larders' foeman foil'd,
For since he dealt in th' eating trade,
Such *knife and fork* he ne'er saw played.

Our cousin gladly to the shore
Of England bends his course.—Once more
His eyes delighted sparkling shew'd,
How much his happy bosom glow'd,
When the rough rocks of Albion stood
Before him, frowning o'er the flood
Which lick'd her chalky feet and sigh'd,
Submission to her lofty pride.

The anchor drops, and from the shore,
Splash many a boatman's eager oar,

While crowding on the deck appear
Full many a blue-nos'd passenger.
First in the boat, John takes his stand,
With gold-repeater in his hand,
Ready to step on shore. His eyes
Oft to the time-piece he applies,
To mark the *very hour* he trod
Again his dear—his native sod,
After the peril, and the pain,
Of such *astonishing campaign*—
Videlicet—from Brussels all
The way to *Le Palais Royale*!!
The smile of joy is on his brow;
And as he leaps out from the bow,
Impatient of the boat's delay,
Jumps to the middle in the sea!
“Well master you're as odd a fish,
As ever swam on sea or dish.
What trouble I shall have—odds goots—
To dry your overalls and boots.”
“Eh! Sirrah,—boots!” replies the master,
“Is't thus, you think of my disaster?
If my boots had not reach'd the ground,
Rascal, I doubtless, had been drown'd.”

A grinning crowd around were standing,
And witness'd Johnny's *watery landing*,
While the loud splash brought many more
By-passers down upon the shore,
Which reconcil'd him to his wetting,
And saved poor Snub a rougher treating;
For John had something else to do :—
A gallant son of Waterloo
Returning now, must fill each breast,
With *most uncommon interest* !
He should not heed a wetting—no,
Nor let so fine a moment go,
In caviling, about a trifle,
And thus the very season stifle,
Which might so well be turn'd to shew
The man of that same Waterloo,
In all the feathers of the pride,
To such delightful name allied.
With air unruffled by the splash,
He thus cuts out a “bit of flash,”
Which turn'd the attention of the crowd,
As he address'd his man aloud :
Thus speaks our couzin John—“ I say,
Will you sit staring there all day ?

Come, bring ashore—and quickly too,
Those things, *I took at Waterloo.*”
Took Cousin *took* !” Yes, yes ;—but then,
You took them coolly from *dead men*.
For, as I said, or sung, before
You *heard* not even the battle’s roar !—
Well, thus continuing aloud,
He pour’d his pride upon the crowd :—
“ Are the cuirasses safe ?—take care
You’ll rub the marshal’s hat thread-bare :—
Where have you put *the cannon-ball*,
That knocked me down ?” (a stare from all,)
“ And, I say Snub—Where is the tail,
I cut off from the General
Don’t step so careless—Look—d’ye see,
You’ll drop that helmet—give it me.”
The helmets’ handed—looks profound
Follow the relic, while around,
The better class of gazers knit,
Requesting “ just to look at it.”
To which our couzin well in cue,
To tell the tale of Waterloo,
Assents politely and essays,
Description thus to ev’ry gaze,

“ This helmet once adorned the head,
Of one of Boney’s guards—now dead—
I cut him down—See, here’s the gash,
Through which this blade went—right slap
dash.”

“ O ! Lord”—“ Good Heavens”—from ev’ry
tongue,

On John’s delighted hearing rung.

One says “ I’d give—aye ev’ry rap
Of fifty pounds for *this here cap*,”

“ Fifty !” rejoined another, “ Sir,
Its worth a hundred—aye and more.”—

“ I would not sell that bit of glory
For the first place in England’s story,”

Said John, “ much less the wealth that stands,
Waiting Lord Liverpool’s commands.”

A pause, and looks of admiration,
Greeted th’ heroic observation,

And eyes in rapid change flew on
From th’ helmet to my couzin John ;
While Snub his might of wonder drew,

Altho’ behind—from one or two,
By following in language ample,
His worthy master’s good example.

Now, one whose more enquiring eyes,
Had searched the helmet’s qualities,

Addressed the hero with a strain,
That knocked his building down again.
“ This helmet, Sir,” said th’ eager wight,
No doubt was cut through in the fight,
And, if, t’were done by your good sword,
Pray never own it :—Take my word,
No soldier can his laurels gain
By slaughtering his *countrymen*.”
“ His countrymen, pray, what d’ye mean,”
Says John—“ I’ll tell you, Sir—’Tis plain,
This helmet was an *English* soldier’s !
(A loud laugh from th’ amazed beholders,)
And as a proof of what I’ve said,
These very hands this helmet made !
You say you’ve tak’n it from the foe ;
And your *own* deeds you best must know ;
But if t’were taken from a Turk,
I think, I’d known *my own hand’s work*.”
Ye Gods ! was ever hero’s might
So marr’d—so soon thrust out of sight !
Where’s now the *cut off General’s tail* ?
Who did the *cannon ball* assail ?
Alas ! alas ! the helmet-maker,
Was worse than even the helmet-breaker ;

He knocked my cousin's courage dead—
'Twas worse than knocking on the head.
Confusion's blushes dye his cheek,
He spoke not, for he could not speak,
Until upon his giddy pate,
Assurance took her brazen seat,
Which for a moment she had quitted,
Amazed, ashamed, alarmed, outwitted.

Restored a little, John began
To put the fault upon his man,
As men of nobler name have done—
Men even as great as Wellington.*

* It is one of the most unamiable foibles in our nature to lay fault upon other's shoulders, whether that fault belongs to ourselves or not: and this foible has been imputed to the immortal Wellington---how justly, those who served under his grace at Burgos in 1812, and on the subsequent memorable retreat, can best testify. In his Grace's well remembered letter to the officers of his army, dated Freynada, Nov. 28th, 1812, the whole fault is thrown upon them all, yet hundreds of officers have defended themselves against the aspersion. Be that as it may, these officers were *led to Burgos by*

This in man's character's a feature,
Born with our noses, and our nature.
Jack says the fault was Jill's—Jill's, Jack's.
Our faults we shove to neighbour's backs,
At least we try to do it—thus
John only did like one of us.

his Grace ; one gun was opened on the town ; both officers and men fought as well as they usually did, they were obliged to retreat ; yet his Grace is pleased to say they did not suffer ! It is too well known that they subsisted a great part of the time on raw wheat and water ! hundreds have dropped with fatigue, hunger, and disease !—but “ it was all their own fault.”

The following extract from the Duke's letter will perhaps say enough to the purpose. “ The discipline of every army after a long and active campaign becomes in some degree relaxed, and requires the utmost attention on the part of the general and other officers to bring it back to the state in which it ought to be for service ; but, I am concerned to have to observe, that the army under my command, has fallen off in this respect in the late campaign to a greater degree than *any army in which I have ever served, or of which I have ever read : yet this army has met with no disaster, it has suffered no privations,* which but trifling attention on the part

Said he—affecting to be cool—
 “ Its all the fault of that d—d fool,
 I see, Sir, it is plain enough,
 This helmet is of English stuff,
 But the bright casque which I cut through,
 Was true French—and a tough one too ;

of officers could not have prevented, and for which there existed *no reason whatever* in the nature of the service, *nor has it suffered any hardships*, excepting those resulting from the necessity of BEING EXPOSED TO THE INCLEMENCIES OF THE WEATHER AT A MOMENT WHEN THEY WERE MOST SEVERE !!!” “ O you glutton !” —said Sheridan’s fat friar to the starved brother,—“ You glutton” said he, when the other drained the glass !

Well, again,—“ I have no hesitation in attributing these evils to the *habitual inattention of the officers of the regiments to their duty*” --- Lord have mercy on us gentlemen, how very ill you have behaved---you should have taken Burgos with *one gun*—aye *without a gun*, if his Grace wished ! you should have guarded against the “ *inclemencies of the weather at a moment when they were most severe*,” for you had plenty of *wheat* to eat. O ! for shame gentlemen, you see what a nice letter his Grace has made out of your conduct to shew the people of England—*where the fault lay !*

I bade that stupid fellow there
To take the trophy to the rear ;
And doubtless, Sir, he in his fright,
Took up the wrong and left the right.”
Then, his embarrassment to hide,
He brush'd the gaping crowd aside,
And left poor Snub—tough mouthed wight—
T'explain the matter as he might.

Our hero, somewhat mortified,
In that most tender part, his pride,
Made, by the angle of a street,
A most precipitate retreat ;
Nor turned his eyes back once to scan,
The movements of his blundering man :
Relics end trunks he left, and when
Snub got them up 'twas half-past ten ;
Six hours at least—for round the valet
A crow'd of curious listeners rallied,
Provoking him by all the ways
That waggery and wit displays :
Some urge him to retell his tale,
Some keep him wet with mugs of ale—

There jabbering sat he on a trunk,
Until he roll'd off roaring drunk,
While thousands came to laugh and view,
This *fallen* man of Waterloo.
Impatient of delay, our cousin
Sent messengers for Snub, a dozen
With threats of rage, without avail,
Snub stuck to story and to ale :
John would have gone himself but fear
Lest th' *helmet maker* should be there,
Kept him at th' inn, where he, per force,
Could only ring the bell and curse.—
So much for *hero's* and for *glories* ;
So much for telling *travelling stories*.

At length a myriad of boys,
Surrounding Snub with laugh and noise—
All Dover yelling in the rear—
Told Johnny that his man was there.
'Twas vain to rage—to reprimand
With such a mighty host at hand,
'Mongst whom, no doubt, were those who
knew
The *master's tale* of Waterloo—

So, wisely, cousin staid within,
And sent the master of the inn
As deputy, to set to rights,
This most refractory of wights.

The coach is ready, Snub is tied,
With baggage "neck and crop" outside,
Pack'd round with straw and sadly grumbling,
That he should thus be *kept from tumbling* ;
Complaining warmly to the crowd,
In strains pathetically loud.
All seemed to pity him, which seeming
Rais'd Snub's complaints to downright scream-
ing,
And brought the mirth to such a height,
That Dover can't forget that night,
For centuries—ev'n Cousin John,
Laugh'd heartily as the coach wheel'd on.

A dozen hours—and London's light
In motley hues met Johnny's sight,
Dispelling from his thoughts the care
Which twelve hours gloom had planted there,
A care which never left him quite,
Since Paris dwindled from his sight.

London!—Thou talesmanic lens—
Light to much lighter names than John's—
Who with a purse can have a care
Beneath thy dissipating glare?
Long's was our hero's long wish'd goal,
But finding in his purse a hole
Through which had, in his journey, run
More cash than he had counted on;
He drove to th' Hummums to prevent
The rest from getting *sudden* vent,
Before his aunt's supply had come,
To guard against a vacuum.
Here Johnny's journey haply ended,
Here happiness and comfort blended,
To wrap him up, as moss and fur
Wrap up the happy Laplander;
His morning *doctor** for the *shake-fist*,
A bath, a barber, and a breakfast,
The "Times," the "Courier," and the "Post,"
So like the butter of his toast,
Laid on to qualify, and please
The appetite of *him who pays*,

* Our cousin John thus conferred upon a cup of milk,
enlivened by brandy and nutmeg, the degree of *doctor*.

Yet rancid—but wise John, whose mind
In politics was unrefined,
Mouthed on through both, and as he went,
Thought all he swallowed excellent !

Day slowly passed and evening came,
And Pleasure with her genial flame,
At th' Hummums called—and need I say,
To light our cousin to the play.
Behold him on his London hobby,
Parading Drury's wondering lobby,
In military mufty clad,
The centre of a glaring squad
Of beggars, hired to hang fine clothes
Upon their filthy backs ; and those,
Who stand behind a face of paint,
Plastered—so miserably on each rent
Sunk in their mimic beauties by
Disease and chequered misery.
All with their arts around him hover ;
This plays the prude, and that the lover,
Another in a romping fit,
Plants on his breast a *fancy* hit ;

And ev'ry thing, their laughing *cove*,*
 Believed as downright proofs of love.
 In all their condescending eyes,
 He views his *own* fine qualities,
 And set down this attention to
 His *handsome* form, and *Waterloo*.
 Four hours throughout this *woman mart*,
 Our hero played his novel part,
 Nor once (except a passing stare,
 To see if still the stage was there)—
 Could fix his restless happy eye,
 Upon the histrionic fry.
 At last a *maid so simply drest*,
 Who flattered more than all the rest,
 And by her well-directed art,
 Squeezed through a croud to Johnny's heart—
 Perhaps our hero would have led,
 To share her rosy Paphian shed,

* "*Cove* or *covey*" a term in what is technically termed the *fancy tongue*—a language which is making rapid advances. It has become the vehicle of a *modern* author's literary labours in the descriptive, *moral*, and *sentimental*; and it is to be wished, for the improvement of its votaries, that an Epic might be attempted in it.

If Bob Blaze had not tapp'd him on
The shoulder—"How do John?"
"Bob! Bob—my dear friend—Eh! how do?
We have not met since *Waterloo!*
(The last word spoken pretty loud,
Had *due* effect upon the crowd.)
"Who have you there," says Bob, "what Nell,
Is that you?—*Madam* hope you're well?"
(A prudish look,) "stay Bob, stop, stay—
The girl's *respectable* I say,"
Whispered our cousin, with a look,
That shew'd he meant the words he spoke.
"She's not called Nell—her name is Anne;
She's daughter to a clergyman;
Her uncle's in the law! She's not in town
A fortnight—interesting creature!"—
Bob look'd a laugh in ev'ry feature,—
"Indeed!" says Bob, as if corrected,
No doubt—she's *legally connected*—
Divinely too, and what is more,
Has been, with ev'ry other corps:
All are alike the *friends* of—*Anne*,
From horse-guards down to police-men.
I've known Nell Squib ten years ago,

Believe me John *I* tell you so,
Come take my arm—leave her to try
On greater gulls than you or I.”
The *fair maid* nettled to the core,
Heard on till she could hear no more ;
Revenge and rage burnt down pretence,
Off fell her mask of innocence,
And never did the walls of Drury
Enclose so terrible a fury.
Reckless of aught, the goaded Nell,
Alike on Bob and Johnny fell :
All uproar—screaming, laughing, pushing—
Fun scrambling in—fear outward rushing,—
Hat, cap, muff, tippet, shoe and shawl,
A prey to wild confusion fall.
But soon a watch-guard of the fair,
Y’clept a Bow-street officer,
His wand of silence interposed,
And the dread war, with midnight closed.
When combats cease, the men who win,
Will feel for scratches on their skin,
So Bob and John ; yet none they found,
Except a single *cravat-wound* ;
And as Bob, laughing, gazed upon

The rent, he cries, "you see this John,
The doings of her *gentle* nature,
The dear—the *interesting creature*."
Thus Bob Blaze rallied cousin John,
As both good-humouredly moved on
To mirth's own consecrated grot,
That genial subterranean spot,
The CIDER CELLAR*—long revered,
By laughing youth, and wagging beard,

* The Cider Cellar is situated in Maiden-lane, Covent Garden, and has been established as the convivial resort principally of military officers, and civilians of *ton* for upwards of 50 years. Although properly speaking a cellar, yet the apartment is spacious, and warm, and in winter possesses a peculiarly comfortable appearance. The attributes of the Cider Cellar seldom begin to develope themselves before midnight: until that time amusements of the theatre in general prevail, and on that account this court of conviviality is seldom filled when the character of the company undergoes an immediate change from that of a cold, solid, and gravely calculating circle of moping news-crackers, to a volatile, noisy, laughing, and determined ring of conviviais. The origin of the name has been from the following custom: which is now nearly

Where unsophisticated glee,
 And chords of frolic harmony,
 Play o'er the heart, and make men view,
 The world a ball—and kick it too ;
 Where Mars flings off his ponderous mail,
 To wet his rough mustache with ale ;
 Where sons of buckram'd rank delight
 To taste a free and social night,
 Happy and gay in mirth's old quarters,
 Unbound by coronets or garters,
 And mix with men who recognise
 No titles, rank, nor dignities,
 But that which mirth delights to see—
 A social, gay urbanity.

Arrived, John views the path of rays,*

obsolete: whoever had been voted to take the chair for the "*evening*" was by rule obliged to indulge the company with a tankard of cider enlivened with brandy and spices. The shining vessel was passed from lip to lip, until all had tasted, and thus ended the ceremony of baptizing the night; and any other beverage might be procured at the option of the individual.

* The entrance to the grotto presents the passing

Shot from the cave to catch the gaze,
And throw a light on passing eye,
Bedimm'd with care or ennui :
Here contemplating with delight,
The graces of the pregnant night,
Shining in Bacchanalian glass,
In lemons, eggs, cigars and gas.
He paused awhile—so connoisseur
Of Thalia at her temple-door,
Stops to enjoy anticipation
In the long play-bill's bright narration.

Down rattle both, and every eye,
Smiles on the new auxiliary.
Well might they smile, for never pair
Presented so much promise there :
John such a master-piece of face
And outré form—Bob fire and grace,
Both to the muzzle of the gun,

eye a very powerful epitome of what may be obtained within. On looking down a flight of stone steps, a strong gas light flashes upon the beholder, and sheds its lustre on a bowl filled with transparent eggs ; a second with lemons, between which stands a well grouped bundle of cigars.

Well up, and shotted home with fun,
Waiting the match—if *match* was there—
To fire the charges of the pair,
Soon the cigar smoked from their lips,
Enlivened by sparks of quirks and quips,
And e'er one short half hour was gone,
John was good friend with ev'ry one.
Warm fellowship from one to t'other
Like train burnt on, each felt like brother,
And never was there such a set
Of downright glorious worthies met.

At length the wish'd for "chair" was
"moved,"

And all, unanimous, approved,
The signal which should set in play
The laughing chords of harmony ;
But most as if afraid to bear
Th' important office of the chair,
Each thinking each could better use it,
Bow to the honor—but refuse it.
One after t'other's voted to it,
All wished it done, yet none would do it.
'Till John arose, and in the chair,
Sat down a worthy volunteer.

Peals of applause forthwith approve
The gallant mover, and the move,
To which he bow'd, and silent each
Listened to Johnny's maiden speech :
" Here Gentlemen," said he, " I come
To—Gentlemen, to—a—to—um—
To do as well as I can do,
What more can do the best of you ?
I cannot speak as well as some,
So therefore Gentlemen a—hum,
But, my short speech shan't keep you long,
I'll fill the blank up with a song."
" Bravo ! bravo !" from ev'ry tongue
Throughout the cider-cellar rung,
And strains of most unusual glee,
Play'd the enlivening symphony.

THE SONG.

Come warriors of Bacchus, and lend me your ear ;
Attend to the words of your leader the *chair* ;
Examine your glasses, and see if all's right,
For on that shall depend the success of the night.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

We have got the old enemy Time in our front,
Whom we've hunted so long, and again mean
to hunt ;

But another slip off he'll be puzzled to give,
For we'll kill him to night, lads, as sure as we
live.

And the way to kill Time—if he is to be kill'd,
Is to pour in the *grape* while he *stands* on the
field ;

Let the light troops dash on, and as sure as a
gun,
We shall dish the old codger—at least make
him run.

There's another, an ally of his, in our rear,
That damnable despot, old grey-headed care ;
But his park of artillery's no more than a swivel,
For thus arm'd and equipp'd we can conquer
the devil.

Our magazine's stored with good humour and
fun ;
Quite enough to make twenty such enemies run,

Then our good commissariat has plenty of prog,
And we'll all have a *double allowance of grog*.

Then be steady my lads, fight as long as you can;
Our cause is right good, and we're staunch to a
man,

Then if any should fall, he shall fall like a star,
And we'll bury him lads, with honors of war.

But while I keep prating, th' old boy makes
advance ;

I must set you in motion, or else we've no chance :
I see you're all ready—primed, loaded—and so,
Slap ! Here goes the very first shot at the foe."

This was his song, and ev'ry tongue,
Lay mute as mouse while Johnny sung,
While pleasure on each eye-lid glistened ;
Even Cup the waiter stop'd and listened !
And as it ceased, the last loud note,
Set ev'ry kind of noise afloat ;
Applause and laugh danced hand in hand ;
Each instrument in uproar's band,
Instantly all their powers shew,
In movement grand—fortissimo.

Ye souls who well know ev'ry key
Of cider-cellar harmony ;
Each *sharp*, each *natural* and *flat*,
Each third, fifth, seventh, and all that,
Will you not say the worthy chair
Hit off this subject to a hair ;
Yes, yes it was the very thing :
He touch'd the most congenial spring,
Of that gay lyre that nightly sheds,
Its happy influence o'er your heads.

With such a prelude need I say,
How excellent the after play ?
Song followed song, bowl followed bowl
Along the swelling flow of soul,
Like blossoms from the summer trees,
Shook on the fructifying breeze.*

The next gay heart that lent his might,
To shove the gilded skiff of might,

* In shrubberies, orchards, or groups of hawthorn, about the latter end of April, the fallen blossoms almost cover the ground : at this period a strong wind is considered wholesome to the coming fruit, as it detaches at once the separating leaves of the blossom.

Was one who 'neath an eastern sun,
Made many a night and bottle run ;
A worthy son of Mars whose front,
Had more than I could say upon 't—
All at a single glance could scan
The soldier and the gentleman :
His song, like sun from gloomy sky,
Burst from his veil of gravity,
As bright and cheering, and no doubt it
Had something *quite as warm* about it ;
When he had given it all the glee,
Worthy of Cyprian melody,
He lighted his cigar and then,
Resumed his gravity again.

Now waked the roaring chords of fun,
By Paddy's true begotten son,
And like the man who people say,
Came once " from Dublin, all the way,"
Well pleasing those he met, so he,
In chaunting of his *Bothabwee,
Pleased every man that heard him there,
And doubtless quite as well the fair.

* *Bothabwee* is an Irish phrase, signifying a *shillela*
or stick.



Illustration by C. H. L. L.

COUSIN JOHN
IN THE CYDER CELLAR



The next a youth of modest mien,
Of virgin look and brow serene,
Now set the most excentric string
Of strange ideas galloping ;
Yet downcast still he fixed his glance,
Nor changed a line of countenance—
A very Pan in maiden's mask,
He sang his side-distending task ;
Nor ev'n when thunders mark'd the end,
A muscle would he deign to bend !

Now followed in the Irish style
Of wit—and not without a smile,—
A lay about a lady's eye !
Most folks might think and so might I—
The subject far too heavy, yet,
They found who heard the end of it,
'Twas light and flaming too as gas,
For *his* fair lady's eye *was glass* !
And how it made my Cousin laugh !—
And how it made my Cousin quaff !—
We know how much his feelings rise
Whene'er the subject touch'd our eyes !!

Then followed as the glass went fast,
Songs in all keys, of every cast,
They ran through all their kiff and kin,
From "*Adam and Eve*" to "*Bryan O'Lynn!*"*

Yet even in this *uproarious* glee,
Some strain of plaintive melody
Stole in, and by its beauteous measure,
Infus'd diversity of pleasure :
And Moore's enchanting beauties fell,
On every heart—yes Erin's shell,
That even in mirth calls forth the sigh,
Of melancholy sympathy,
By turns did breathe—did sweetly breathe
And sanctified their festive wreath.

Thus they moved on the happy hour,
While fast without fell the heavy shower ;
But board well filled, and fire-side warm,
They heeded not the harmless storm ;
Beneath their shed was pleasure's light ;
Above the horrors of the night.

* Two humorous songs so called.

That was an hour of life's fruition,
A friendly social coalition ;
Nor envy there could taint the soul,
Nor malice sour the rosy bowl ;
No, all the venom'd reptile kind,
They shut upon the stormy wind,
And flowing bowl and music's power,
Improved the heart and pass'd the hour.
Say Cynics—who dipp'd most in sin,
Was't you without, or they within ?
Speak—who are proof to Pleasure's bribe
Ye envious, sterile, stiff-neck'd tribe,
Go there and learn—if you can bend,
For life is ne'er too late to mend.

How John got home I will not say,
To break their joys is not for me,
Nor shall I by my rhyme or jest,
Disturb for nought his next day's rest ;
But meet him as I ought to do,
At th' Horse Guards in a day or two.

Well, at the very time, he came,
Placed on the levee-list his name,

Waited at least an hour or two,
(Too much for one from Waterloo;)
But stands at last (in dire alarms,)
Before the pride of England's arms.
Poor Cousin stammer'd, and in vain,
He tried his business to explain ;
But the kind manners of the chief,
Came to his fettered tongue's relief,
And John soon found that he address'd
The mildest chief, the noblest—best
That ever deign'd to smile upon
A supplicating subaltern :
And all who saw him right must say,
Of th' high bred son of royalty,
That they have found him, as did John,
The true bred English gentleman,
Surpassing even his soldier's praise,
In soldier's noblest qualities.
O ! all ye petty tyrants who
Think all his power is placed in you,
Observe the heir to England's throne,
His manners, feelings—then your own ;
Believe me in that looking-glass,
You'll see how great your *littleness*.

The chief talked half an hour or so
Of Culverin, and Waterloo
With Cousin, and the conference ended
Thus, "Sir, you *have* been recommended,
And if you wish may forthwith join
The cavalry."—O words divine!
Off, wild with joy, our hero set,
Nor did he see a soul he met,
Though jostling all—nought in his sight,
But horse and horse-tail'd helmet's bright:
That day at dinner, Snub amaz'd,
Beyond a doubt, believed him crazed:—
When he said, "Chuse more tatoes, Zur,"
John muttered—"Aye, a *brass heel-spur*,"
Or "have some fruit, Sir"—then he grinn'd
And roared out "*Chesnut*, sound—*limb'd—*
wind,"

Snub brings them, but alas still worse—
John stammers "take away the horse,"
"Lord Zur," says Snub, "I'm not a fool,—
If they're *horse-chesnuts*, I'm a *mule*!"
Thus various incoherent things,
Shew'd Cousin's odd imaginings.

I need not waste my rhymes in saying,
That John spent little time delaying,
*Tattersal and the tailor soon
Made John a well-equipp'd dragoon,
For which no doubt—as stories tell—
His loving aunt *paid pretty well*.
Thus John equipp'd—his valet too
Bestipper'd up in livery new—
He took the coach, and forthwith went,
To join his hopeful regiment.
Snub—for he was now enlarged
From soldier's bonds—grew overcharged
With consequence as well as master,
And of the two swelled up the faster.
He staid behind to *groom* the stud,
And take them down—and well he could,—
For t'would indeed have been a shame,
If he who for two years drove a team,
And could with but *a single broom*,
Do what your common sort of groom,
Could not with currycomb and brush,
And various other stable trash,

* The celebrated horse-dealer.

CANTO VI.

BEHOLD John just arrived at York
To set about dragooning work.
With head erect, and heart elate,
He dashes through the barrack gate :
The first he meets—Lieutenant Cant,
A fine big awkward adjutant—
With smile accosts, and both tip hats,
And John his business there relates :
Th' officious clerk of swords and saddles,
In *plume* of pride, with Cousin waddles
Straight to the Colonel's quarters : there
Cant doubled ev'ry grace and air,
And entered bowing in the van,
Thus—" Mr. Newcome—Colonel Tan."—
The little squat commander rose,
Bows formally, while Cousin bows,

And to the Colonel's hand presents
Orders to join, with documents
In various forms—at least a dozen,
All fair and flattering to my Cousin.

The visitors and Tan sat down,
And mumbled some old news from town.
Cant was all talk, and John all smiles,
Tan only monosyllables ;
Throwing cold water over John,
Whene'er he pushed his freedom on ;
And putting 'neath his low squat figure,
A prop of pride to make him bigger.
But mark how soon a revolution
Burst on his manner's constitution :
His eye, with true official frown,
Perused the documents of John.
At length, come to a pompous line
From GENERAL LORD CULVERIN !
He stared, and paus'd—and strange to tell,
Grew suddenly most affable !
“ Ho ! Mr. Newcome ; you, I see,
Know General Culverin ? ” said he.
“ Know Culverin ! ” my Cousin said,
“ Particularly well, indeed :

A worthy—he and I for years
 Have ‘*chumm’d*’ together.”—Colonel stares!
 Tells him how happy he’s to find
 The noble Lord a *mutual* friend,
 And proffers him his warm protection,
 In terms that seem’d downright affection :
 Yet Tan of Culverin knew little,
 Except his orders and his title ;
 While John’s acquaintance, plain appears,
 Were better told in *days* than *years*.
 Thus dogs, where’er they be, are prone
 To follow him that ’s got the bone ;
 Yet, for their pains, they seldom get
 More than a glance or smell at it.

Now talking loudly at the door,
 With laugh—or rather swallow’d roar,
 Appear’d the Major—(Major Swallow),
 Of course we guess what was to follow ;
 Namely, that John’s presented to him :
 Swallow accosts as if he knew him ;
 But in his affability,
 Sly Cant’s discerning eye could see
 More freezing coldness than he saw
 In Tan’s cold look before its thaw.

'Twas shewing he *could* condescend,
To be, forsooth, my Cousin's friend.
Not waiting a reply from John,
He bustled up to Colonel Tan,
And with th' importance of pretence
Whisper'd his *things of consequence* ;
Leaving the guest in subject scant,
To drop out words with th' Adjutant.
This worse than silence was not long ;
For Tan gave Swallow doses strong
Of whispering words, which sucked he in—
Well season'd too with "CULVERIN,"
Which made the Major's eye all brightness,
His tongue all froth of loud politeness ;
For noble names to him, like Tan,
Were, every one, a talisman,
The very touch of which could dress
Both worthies up in silliness.
None were such *friends* as he and John :—
Of Culverin they both *glibb'd* on ;
Of titles, honors, and what not ;
'Till, quite throughout the peerage got,
He shew'd the all-admiring John
His knowledge of th' extreme *haut ton*.

Now, all that knew this Major Swallow,
Have known he was a knowing fellow ;
For if acquaintances were few,
By rote he every body knew.

Swallow now undertook to shew
Our hero to his rooms below ;
While with them, and with prompt assent,
The Colonel and Lieutenant went :
Thence round the stables, little Tan
By Cousin's elbow in the van,
Praising each horse as went they on,
But, indirectly, *most his own* ;
Forgetting not a hint or so,
That he "*might part with one or two* :"
But John cut short his praise—" My stud,"
Said he, " is coming on the road !"

An hour thus passed, and teaz'd to death,
All parties part awhile for breath ;
John mopes along, unconscious where
To take a little silent air ;
With promise to be on the ground,
To hear the *dinner-trumpet* sound.

When quite alone, John tries to scan
The Major, and his Colonel, Tan ;
But 'tis not on their minds he tries,
Or manners to philosophise ;
That was a pitch above his mark :—
No, no, the *outward* man our spark
Held as the index, bad or good,
Like cattle shewing proper blood.
“ Well,” said our Cousin, “ such a pair
Of field commanders never were ;
Their heads are like red cabbages,
With helmets on.—Heads ! no—appendages
To two squat rolls of fat propp'd on
Short posts stuff'd into pantaloons :
Why, Hudibras himself, I swear,
Was a more seemly officer
Than either—but they're well enough
To act as foils to better stuff ;
We can't be all Apollos' ”—So
Conceitedly his eyes below
John threw, appealing to his knees,
Where flattering mute assent he sees :
Then wrapt in sweet self-admiration,
Moved on his knees and cogitation.

The dinner-trumpet brought the wight
Back, with a right good appetite,
Which in the mess-room's preparation,
Feels rapturous anticipation.
The officers assembled here,
He 's introduced 'midst many a stare—
'Midst wink and nod, and grin and quizz,
From phizzes worse than Cousin's phiz ;
But Tan's and Swallow's mark'd attention
Soon changed the cast of the convention :
Apparent friendship, on each look,
Quickly her flimsy station took,
And every one now vied to lend
His service to the *Colonel's friend*.
In the short pause ere soup and fishes
Led in their wished for troop of dishes,
The Major, ever anxious to
Set honors off 'gainst Waterloo,
Took from the wall a trophy down,
On which he built a high renown—
A trophy which his troop had ta'en
And carried from the fields of Spain ;
Around its head th' engraver's hand,
In letters classically grand,

Had mark'd its little history,
And date of its captivity :
This, in the pride of greatness, shews
To Cousin—Cousin takes and views,
And, after many hems and haws,
Enquired coolly what it was ?
To which the Major answer'd thus—
“ A French *baton* TAKEN BY US
From th' enemy ;—Lord—Tan ! I say,
Had'nt we pretty work that day ?”
The last few words, 'twas evident,
Were used as an expedient,
T' avoid replying to the question
Which Cousin put—but Cousin press'd on—
“ Is 't a field Marshal's baton, Sir ?”
“ Why, no,”—and then a short demur.
“ I thought 'twas not,” was John's reply ;
“ For see, 'tis six or seven feet high !”
Tan seeing nothing for 't but truth,
Informed the well-suspecting youth,
The thing was taken from a man
Who was—to use the phrase of Tan—
A marshal *of the stick* ; in rank
Equal to our DRUM MAJOR !—Blank



Showing Censorship to the Lords

Was written on poor Swallow's face ;
The drum-stick sent back to its place,
To wait the gaze of other eye,
Less knowing than John's seem'd to be,
And clash of dishes—lucky sound—
Relieved the countenances 'round,
Turning the subject happily
On th' elements of cookery.

Dinner went on, and round the table
Fast gallop'd all the tongues of Babel ;
The Major, with a chuckling laugh,
Dealt out to John his *head of calf*,
While Colonel Tan fine *forced-balls* flung,
And help'd him to his favourite *tongue* :
All, to the best of their abilities,
Set forth their holiday civilities,
As fast as if our Cousin good
Sprang from the *Fitz** of Royal blood ;

* To some of the last *Fitz* of Royalty, the army owes some of its worthiest ornaments, whose peculiar character has given to those Royal frailties a consequence which they otherwise should not have possessed.

But, 'twixt my listeners and myself,
I'll swear it—every single elf
That pour'd their compliments upon
The bowing and complaisant John,
Did so, not quite so much to please
Their guest, as their own vanities :
One kindly offered him his house,
When *the next season came*, to grouse ;
But th' invitation *only* came,
To shew he *had* a house and game.
Another, stuttering, hoped he'd see
His *Irish pro-ro-ro-property*,
Where, with a single-barrelled gun,
He'd knock a hundred pheasants down
In half an hour ! Some praised their horses,
And indirectly thus, their purses ;
While many an inuendo sly
Gave boast of ancient family :—
All which our hero swallow'd up,
Sincerely as he did his soup ;
And often thought, as listened he,
“ How *different* this from th' infantry !”
Thus flash'd upon our Cousin's eye,
His light of life, Variety,

Which, like a will-o'-th'-wisp's false fire,
 Brought him through nought but mud and
 mire.

The band without now take their station,
 To fill up blanks in conversation ;
 For none will hear, but each essays
 The beauties of the air to praise,
 For fashion's sake—'twould be a waste
 Of character, to lack a taste
 In music,—and to shew how clear
 And true their fasionable ear,
 The beauties of the passing sound
 Were in their noisy praises drown'd.
 Trumpets, and horns, and kettle-drums,
 Strike out “ The conquering hero comes,”
 And Cousin's heart elate receives
 The toast each lip-touched goblet gives.
 Again the thought flash'd in his eye,
 “ How different this from th' infantry !
 How different I !—the source of light—
 Each 'round me but a Satellite !”

Now, th' ever-mindful Colonel Tan,
 Who always right well knew his man,

Told Cousin, in a friendly way,
He should attend parade next day,
To which the youth replied, " If so,
I must *on foot* :"—Says Tan, " No, no—
I'll mount you with as good a horse
As ever moved upon a course ;—
I mean to sell him ;—by the bye,
You'll find him cheap, 'twixt you and I—
I gave a hundred for him."—Now,
John floating in the mellow flow
Of wine and seeming adulation,
Received the Colonel's intimation
As duly meant—and thus did Tan
At once completely *hit* his man.
John took the horse—for what 's that sum
To pay for patronage ?—A hum.

I'll dwell no longer on the night ;—
Enough—she winged her western flight,
As she is wont to do. Next day
Saw Cousin buckled cap-a-pee.
The " turn out" sounds—the signal-note
Brings every horse and horseman out ;
And Cousin's lately purchased prize
First time delights his anxious eyes :



Drawn & Engraved by C. Wilson

COUSIN JOHN'S

FIRST PARADE IN THE CAVALRY



The new dragoon, lest any by
Should doubt his courage, instantly
Seized on the mane, and with full force,
Attempts to scramble up the horse ;
But, from some cause we can't explain,
His efforts to ascend were vain ;
And thrice the charger round him went,
Freed from his new entanglement.
But as there happened to be near
A sturdy sergeant rough-rider,
He comes, and with a caution meet,
Puts Cousin in his saddle-seat.
But things were now as bad—nay, worse—
For, 'tween our hero and the horse,
A trifling difference existed
In their opinions : one persisted
In moving onward to parade,
The other moving retrograde ;
Nor could the power of John's invention
Argue the horse from his intention,
Until the progress of his tail
Was interrupted by the wall.
“ For shame, ye gaping women—go
And shut your barrack windows—do—

I'll make you pay, by G-d I swear,
For laughing at your officer."
Thus, Sergeant Mulligan the Rough*:
Had he said less, he'd said enough,
For these words open'd Cousin's eye
To what might 've otherwise pass'd by.
In this dilemma, John was forced,
Sooner than fairly be unhorsed,
To call assistance ; so he bade
The Sergeant take his head, and lead,
Which patched the matter up ; and John
In this way to parade moved on.
So doth a Minister of State
His English hobby mount, elate ;
And with his whip and spur set to,
To do—Lord ! what he could not do !
Yet all his blows, and all his clack
But make his restive horse *go back*,
Until, to save his silly head
And *keep his seat*, he tries to lead
What would not drive ; and thus, like John
By all around he's grinn'd upon.

* Rough is used in the Cavalry as a contraction of the term Rough-rider.

The troops are on parade assembled,
And John appears—as yet *untumbled* ;
For Mulligan’s ingenious hand
Retained the bit in close command ;
But ’t would not do, to stay all day
In this *old woman* kind of way,
And seeing Tan and Swallow there,
Cousin dismiss’d the rough-rider,
With a sly hint to stay hard by,
In case of an *extremity* ;
And so jogged on, without disaster,
Until the brute approached his master :
When, just as if he wish’d to shew
Contempt for him who held him now,
He threw his hind legs at the *Rough*,
And, *parbleu* ! “ lent him such a cuff ! ”
Behind,—for he had turn’d to see
How far the horse came *quietly*,—
And Cousin lost his stirrups ! So
Where should his heels in this case go ?
Why, right into the charger’s flank !
The sword against his haunch—clink clank,
And Cousin grappling in his mane,
Set the poor creature wild again :

He kick'd and plung'd, and jump'd and twisted,
And every way th' attack resisted,
Which Cousin on his flank had made
With torturing spur. Round the parade
Pell-mell he gallop'd—writhing—rearing—
Yet Johnny firmly kept his bearing ;
For, till his hands or heels gave way,
He seem'd resolved on th' horse to stay.
All run,—but Cousin runs much faster :
All tremble for the youth's disaster,
Save Mulligan, who smarted yet
From the late *rub* of th' horse's feet.
“ Ough ! what the devil brings,” said he,
“ Such people to the Cavalry ;
Who know as much about a saddle,
As my *ould* wife to play the fiddle ?”
Well—now behold came on the worst :—
In through the line the prancer burst !
His brethren of the hoof, not much
Inclined to bear this rough one's touch,
Returned with paw, and kick, and bite,
The visit—sadly for the wight.
Panic, disorder, and confusion,
Followed this violent intrusion ;

And many a reef, and many a squeeze,
Met soldier's pantaloons and knees ;
But haply now the leg of John,
Caught by the knee of a dragoon,
Was lifted from the reeking hide,
And down he fell the other side !
But, *haply for the service*, he
Came off without much injury.

Supported 'twixt the arms of two
Dragoons, the youth appears in view
Of Tan—" Well, Sir," says John,
" Your horse is not a *quiet* one."—
" Quiet enough : it was your spur,
Believe me, set him kicking, Sir ;
But if you wish, I'll take him back"—
" *Back !*—Trust me, he has got the knack
Himself of *going back* : good Sir,
He's done it oftentimes before."
This was a touch at little Tan,
Though unintended quite by John,
Which put an end to the converse
About the temper of the horse.

The Colonel thus th' affair cut short,
By asking Cousin, was he hurt ?
And shewing fatherly affection
To him thus under his protection.

Our hero's looks by this time brighten'd,
For he was far less hurt than frighten'd ;
Which, when his crowding brethren found,
They sent the twitch of laughter round ;
And all poor John congratulate,
For so well *sticking* to his seat.
Thus Cousin's first *parading* went,
And to his room his course he bent,
To breathe awhile, and to compose
His spirits and his ruffled clothes.
Here, in a contemplating mind,
Our hero on his couch reclined,
Retracing with a faithful eye
His peril—haply now gone by.
Soft o'er his silence-seeking soul
A melancholy weakness stole,—
Such as Anchises knew, when quite
Clear out of Troy, and fire and fight.

And yet his heart was gratified
With the becoming honest pride
Which David felt, when—tired enough—
He saw Goliath's head *quite off* :
For thus to hold his seat so well
Upon the furious animal,
Was an achievement which, *sans doute*,
With him, beat David out and out.

Behold, a visitor appears,
And John a different aspect wears ;—
A brother officer who sat,
The night before, in *snugger* chat
With John than others—one whose eye
Was downright, clear sincerity—
Who spoke exactly as he thought,
Nor hid a virtue, nor a fault
Of foe or friend. Well, down they sat,
And talk'd of this, and talk'd of that :
Before their window amply spread
The regiment in full parade—
A subject meet for chat, which John
Full willingly commenced upon.

“ By G—,” said he, “ a better set
Of *Excellents* I never met,
Than constitute the officers
Of this corps: no ill-will appears
From right to left, and all agree
In one sweet strain of harmony.”
This was an eulogizing sentence,
Worthy of *twenty hours’* acquaintance ;
But if we seek the truth, we must
Undoubtedly put far more trust
In what the other said, for he
Pass’d *seven years* in their company.
“ Sir,” said the visitor, “ the light
Which dazzled you on yesternight
You must not hope will always blaze
With the same eye-enchancing rays :—
In that whole group, so gay, so free,
Which mingled so familiarly,
Not one that would not, for a groat,
Behind backs cut the other’s throat ;
And this arises from th’ example,
Which Swallow sets to all most ample ;*

* In describing this character, and those immediately following, the Author begs not to be understood to

For such a never-dying wish
Excites this hero of the dish
To eat up character like mutton,
That he's become a moral glutton ;
And, like his body, feeds his mind
With every *good* that he can find
But all is done *dessous le rose*,
He 's the most complaisant of foes,

attack either individuals or a particular regiment. His object is to select certain vices which but too often exist in the army; and, by the force of contrast, to shew those regiments which are free from them, what an enviable blessing they enjoy. He, for this purpose, places his hero in one of the worst regiments he can imagine, where disunion exists in its most disagreeable form, namely, under the false colouring of pretended friendships. There are few regiments in the British army without their parties and differences more or less; but that a regiment concentrating so many vices as the Author describes existed, he should be sorry indeed. If a few individuals may be so unhappy as to discover their portraits in the Author's imaginary description, he will have gained his object, in placing before such eyes the blemishes which, from their odiousness, may stimulate them to check and abandon such deformities.

In the army, good feeling between officers is not only advantageous to the service, but absolutely ne-

For, when before their faces, he
Stoops even to servile flattery
From downright fear ;—and thus he tries
To hide his vile propensities.
Meanness and selfishness divide
His heart with cowardice and pride,
Forming a curious heterogen,
So often found in those weak men,
Whose weighty-looking heads contain
More froth and fustian far than brain.

cessary to their own comfort. No prison can be so irksome as the society of a regimental mess which is divided by little enmities—no life so disgusting : and, on the contrary, no society so truly delightful, as a united set of officers, who conciliate each other in a brotherly manner : all parts of the world are alike pleasant to them ; and they are as much at home in the isolated fort, as surrounded by metropolitan elegance. A more than fraternal affection arises, and, in it, foibles sink and merit blazes ; strength divides its power with weakness, and one sweet tenor of friendship and virtue pervades the whole. It is the Author's intention, in the succeeding part of the Poem, to set forth the attributes of truly united regiments, for the sake of contrast ; and he will shew portraits which, he has no doubt, will be more generally recognized than those which he has delineated above.

Mark yonder officer, who roars
In passion wild, and fiercely pours
His taunts on all those slaves who stand
Hating, yet fearing his command—
That petty tyrant of a troop—
Mark him, amidst his little group,
Playing the despot—e'en like him
Who held vast empires on his whim—
Daring within his span
The wrankling silent power of man ;
Yet he will turn, in peril's hour,
And hide beneath that very power,
Safe in the courage of those men
Whom now he basely tramples on.
The boast lives on his lip ; and yet
A dwarf may spurn and kick at it,
Or push it down his pliant throat,
To take a very different route.
The gamester's and seducer's fame
Divide the honor of his name ;
Purse, heart, and person, all worn out,
And hollow—scarcely worth a groat.
Yet on his feather and his lace,
The fine word " Captain," bronze of face,

And woman's weakness, he relies,
To make his prostrate fortunes rise :
Marriage is now the only hope
He has to gain still longer rope ;
And, let her purse be but well lin'd,
He'd wed the old, lame, black or blind.*

Look, Sir, at him, whose face and air,
Seem happy sunshine—O beware—
Be guarded to his fairest smile,
'Tis but the gloss of basest guile ;

* A class of men exist in the army—and almost every regiment may find one or two—who seek either to make or repair their fortunes by the sacrifice of some simple female. The moment they enter a new quarter, their inquiries are set on foot to find out the rich unmarried ladies, and in proportion to the property they possess, they are assailed by these fortune hunters; no meanness is left untried to obtain their property through the necessary ceremony of marriage. The author has known several of these adventuring cheats. One (who, by the bye, possessed most of the vices above described,) having possessed himself of an ordinary fair one, and about £8,000, gave way to most extraordinary follies, and, as if he had the wealth of a Tilney Long, set up for member of Par-

Envy and hate are hid beneath :
His nature's wishes are to scathe
Fair excellence, his aim to blur
The face of honest character :
A pointed word wrapt up in smile,
His weapon and his shield, the while :

liament at a town that *did not even know his name*, where he got more laughs than votes, and within one year from the date of his marriage, was obliged to sell his commission! Another of these heroes—a tall, awkward, ignorant and stupid fellow, who *crept* into a dragoon regiment, some time back smelt out a fat, vulgar, masculine, red-haired heiress of fifty-five ; but he despising all charms but those of the pocket, and despairing of success with a more youthful maid, having consumed near twenty years in *hunting*, he besieged and married her ; but his bride not having lost *all* her senses, settled her fortune on herself, and although the Lieutenant is now her lord and master, and a *tolerated* Norfolk squire, yet he is obliged to ask when he wants a supply for his *humble* relations.

A third (and the last which the author will describe) was a man who, having fancied himself handsome, *shot* his face at every *rich* woman he met, and at six or eight and thirty, found he had been wasting his charges ; however, at length, he knocked down a lady of tolerable property, and although he by no means was *dying* in *love* with her, submitted to be buckled, and bagged his game. The fortune of the worthy and unsuspect-

He fain all good around would kill,
Strikes, smiles—then says, he means no ill.
Beware of him—his words, and Swallow's
Have set this corps—base gabbling fellows—
At heads and ears; and each man sees
His brethren are his enemies.

Behold that *would-be* Captain there,
Knight of the *Quill*, with coxcomb air—
That *boy* of sixty-five. His day
Of life's gay summer's past away;
Yet though 'tis gone, and on his head
Old winter's chilling snows have spread,
He fain would make us think he glows
With summer's heat, beneath these snows.
Apeing the stripling through his years,
More prominent old age appears;
Yet every hour but makes him feel
(In his opinion) younger still.*

ing woman, for the most part, went in settling his *engagements*, and she soon discovered that all was not gold that glittered. Vices like these are highly dangerous, and cannot be too much guarded against.

* One of the greatest torments which follow the weakness of man is, that while we advance in years, we remain youthful in ideas and manners. The author once

An odd and curious compound he,
'Twixt trifling beau and debauchee ;
A monstrous sort of animal
'Twixt miser, sot and prodigal,
Existing for himself alone --
An useless regimental drone.

The rest are scions from these roots,
And even already bear their fruits.
Weak, foolish, vicious, poor and proud,
This morally half-rotten crowd,

knew an individual belonging to the army, who possessing the habits and ideas of a *dandy*, was steering on the wrong side of sixty. No care had he on earth but the daring inroads of time upon him, and nothing could hurt his feelings so much as to make an allusion to his years. So silly and unhappy did those feelings make him, that whenever an opportunity offered, he always wandered through the neighbouring churchyards, calculating by the aggregate ages expressed on the tombstones, the average number of years which a man ought to live: whenever he came to a stone on which was marked a number above 80, his countenance brightened with pleasure; but when he read of a man who died at 30, or 40, or 50 (which by the bye was the most frequent) he would turn away in a passion, and "damn the fellow" for having died so soon!

Around their axle, Colonel Tan,
From such a wheel as ne'er moved on—
A wheel so crack'd, as never bore
The weight of such a gallant corps.

The Colonel who would seek to bless
His regiment with true happiness,
Should stand, with all around, upright,
Love each, yet have no favourite ;
In duty strict, and just should be,
At mess—familiarity.
His private ear should ne'er receive
The offerings which tale-bearers give ;
Nor should his eyes be ever shut
To what his heart believed a fault ;
Generous, gentle, and true and kind,
Noble and firm in word and mind ;
Unswayed by favours or by fears,
The father of his officers.
But, Sir, how far from such a man,
This *leather*-headed leader, Tan !
Poor, proud and partial—he's the slave
Of those who've any thing to give ;
Like father Luke, that *prudent* man,
T hinks two sheep twice as good as one.

And he (no matter whence he came)
Who has a handle to his name,
Such as Sir Henry, or My Lord,
The Honourable—pretty word—
From Tan receives a warmer hand
Than all the virtue in the land ;
Though they (poor noble souls) could spare
Nought in return—except a sneer.
Much more the visitor had said,
But that the ending of parade
Brought to our Cousin's opening door,
A dozen visitors and more.
I should have mentioned in my lay,
The Mess were t' have dined out that day.

How changeable are all affairs,
Man's sure of nought but death, and cares.
All are full dress'd and each displays
'His motions tighter than his stays—
Belted and booted, and bespread
With lace like gold—on gingerbread ;
Anticipation's happy glance
Enlivens each whistling countenance,
And in each dinner-seeing eye,
Sparkled Champaign and Burgundy.

The barrack yard, behold, displays
A group of—*hackney* carriages ;
Three spacious one's with seats full wide,
To carry six, full dress'd, inside—
But e'er one took his seat, a horse
Came galloping—for many a curse
No doubt—and on his back he bore
An orderly, with mud splashed o'er,
While in his hand a long despatch
For Colonel Tan—fired like a match,
The train of expectation up,
And spoil'd their fish, and spill'd their soup :
This was an order by express,
For these *dress'd* gentlemen t' undress,
And put on suitable attire,
For long bleak roads, and mud and mire !
The order was to march, forthwith,
For Dumfries on the banks of Nith :
O what a melancholy drawback
On th' hopes of Swallow's wishing stomach !
His gills like those of turkey-cock
Grew deeper :—" Curse the lock and stock
Of th' Horseguards, and its express order,"
Groan'd out this champion of the larder,

And as his hurried step paced o'er
The hall, flung fifty curses more
On the Orderly, and horse that brought
This most unseasonable rout ;
Better they both their necks had crack'd,
Ere he such wine and dinner lack'd,
Or riot run from south to north,
Ere lose a feed of so much worth !
Cousin and those around who saw,
Altho' like Swallow keen in crow,
Seem'd to forget their loss in his,
And laughing at his writhing phiz,
Enjoy'd a meal of humour, just
As zestful as the meal they lost.

The lengthening line is on the road,
The vale, the village, wold and wood,
Pass to the rear, and night at last
Brings the tired Soldiers to their rest.

Next morn the " boots and saddles " call
At sun-rise wakens one and all.
Yet John although awake in bed,
Thought it, perhaps, a serenade ;

And napp'd again, for, to his ear,
Trumpets so unaccustom'd were,
That if the Regent's bomb were spread,
And scientifically made
A brazen tube—and if the wind
Of all the ministers combined,
Were blowing at the mouth-piece, John
Would, heedless, let their lungs blow on.
To Cousin's ear, the *drum's reveille*
Could speak much more intelligibly.
The “*turn out*” sounds—they mount—away
They march upon their second day,
And 'twas an hour, at least, ere John
O'ertook them, though he gallop'd on
Right well, nor rein nor stirrup lost,
More than three times—or four at most ;
And when he join'd the line—though white
In countenance from fright,
Or else from too much exercise,
In bumping saddle with his thighs,
He absolutely puff'd with pride,
To think he'd made so fine a ride.
But Tan knew well the reason why
His Sub came on so rapidly ;

For 'twas a horse he'd changed for him
That shewed John such a kicking whim
Around the barrack-yard. The fact is
Tan knew the charger's usual practice ;
'Twas thus—invariably when e'er
This fleet-foot found himself i' the rear,
No bitt nor hand could keep him in,
Away he'd dash through thick and thin,
And never slacken from his speed,
Until he gain'd the column's head.
The trick of using thus his feet,
Tan taught him on a long *retreat* ;
But now, in case of fight, he knew
A trick like that would never do :
On such a horse he'd bear the brunt
Of every danger in the front,
In spite of bridle, though the rear
Perhaps should need much more his care,
Therefore he sold him to the wight
Our Cousin, the preceding night.

On jogg'd the column, laughing—prating
John of his riding—Swallow eating ;
The former of a charger's points,

The latter proper breakfast-joints ;
For the keen breeze of morning brought
His gastronomic fancies out ;
And ne'er did lover speak of charms
Adored, and destined for his arms,
With so much warmth, as Swallow's tongue,
Of rump steaks grill'd, and hams well hung—
Of sliced cold beef—of larks well roasted—
Coffee made fine, and muffins toasted.
Then would he pause, to view, in thought,
The good things which he spoke about ;
And so completely wrapt was he,
In this delightful reverie,
That when John ask'd him what he thought
Of this new charger, which he bought,
He answered thus th' inquiring wight,
“ *O yes, three minutes, Sir, is quite*
“ *Enough for boiling eggs !*” and then
Began to ruminate again.
Swallow, thus maunching in his mind,
Nor heeding those who jeered behind,
Moved onwards through a ford that lay
Directly 'cross the column's way,
And so intent in thought that he
In would have walk'd, if 'twas the sea ;



Major Smalley's Horse attacks his rider's cousin's horse to take a cold bath.



However that was but a ford,
Not deeper than the Major's sword.
With bridle slacken'd, on he rode
Just to the centre of the flood,
Still cogitating. Tan, whose eye
Foresaw the Major's destiny,
Slyly bade John observe the horse
Which Swallow rode. John gapes of course,
And, in the enjoyment of the sight,
Forgot to mind his balance quite.
The Major's horse began to paw,
Which though the wags around him saw,
They chuckled at, and would not speak,
Although they knew the horse's trick.
'Twas truly most unfeeling, not
T' have wakened Swallow from his thought:—
But, as I said before, their eyes
Brighten'd at others miseries.
When horses stop to paw in fords,
They wish to bathe: in other words—
Supposing by hypothesis—
Lie down from heat or weariness—
In short, the charger uncontroll'd,
Paw'd, nosed- -and then lay down and roll'd!

A yell jump'd out of Cousin's mouth,
Which shook the vale from north to south—
And whether 'twas that yell he gave,
Or splashing of the frightened wave,
Which struck the brain of Cousin's horse,
We know not: but it made things worse,
For back jump'd th' animal in fright,
Flung o'er his neck the laughing wight,
Who soon, in floundering about,
Had all his fire of mirth put out.
Up to the middle in the flood,
Johnny and Swallow staring stood,
While through the line loud laughter ran,
Even to the very hindmost man ;
For owing to the line's position
All got a view of th' exhibition.
Here stood the Major, pulling, whipping,
Damning the charger and the dipping ;
But from the way in which he stood,
And the influence of the passing flood,
Or some such cause, when th' horse arose,
Plump on his back the Major goes,
As if he felt, that being once wet,
He'd have his belly full of it.

The horse, like Cousin's, waited not
 To take his half-drown'd rider out,
 But trotted to the river's side,
 Like others, highly gratified.

Behold the *Bathers* wading on,
 The Major cursing—laughing John,
 Stumbling and struggling with the stream,
 Like half-wreck'd ship and sloop they seem
 Loaded with water, making to
 The first land's point that came in view.

O had our Wilkie* seen the nose
 And cheeks of Swallow—marked the woes
 That trembled in the chieftain's eye,
 The flush of indignation fly
 Athwart his purple front, the drops
 Of conscious water from his chops,
 And then the frown of honest spite—
 The look of thwarted appetite—
 His pencil might have bless'd our eyes
 With picture of such qualities,

* Our excellent painter of nature.

That in its pathos t'would surpass
Th' inimitable Hudibras.

Tan to console the heroes goes,
And tells them they should change their clothes,
Which only had the effect to raise
Still higher Swallow's agonies ;
For where the devil could he find
These clothes ? His trunks behind,
And five miles from the inn. " Well, well,
I'll send that curs'd old horse to h-ll,
Where he may play his dipping trick,
With his best master d——d old nick ;
No doubt the water will agree
Better with his hot hide than me."
Then turning round to shivering John,
" We'd better mount and gallop on ;"
To which they both agreed, and off
They scamper'd follow'd by a laugh
From village folk assembled there—
From rank and file and officer,
Five miles they gallop'd, and if one
On earth e'er suffered then did John.

The kick up in the barrack-yard,
The morning's saddle-bumping hard,
And even the sousing which he got
Beneath his horse's legs, were not
By half, so terrible and sore,
As this five miles he gallop'd o'er.

Arrived, the host—as hosts should do—
Had all his civil'ties in cue ;
Bow'd them up to the breakfast table,
Ordered the ostler to the stable ;
Spoke of the weather—"Sirs—Good God !
You've had hard rain upon the road ;
Its very odd, the day so fair—
We hadn't a single shower here."
But no reply, except a hum
From Swallow, and a choak'd *G—d—dam*.
The host not willing to presume,
Was moving chagrin'd from the room,
When Swallow thus addressed—"Good Sir,
Shew me your breakfast bill of fare ;"
'Tis done. The Major cons it o'er—
Fish, fowl, ham, eggs—and fifty more

Good things he sees—appeals to Cousin,
And ordering up at least a dozen,
Said, “now we’ll go to bed ; and there
We’ll breakfast better far than here.

All things prepared, each went to bed,
And there in clover lay and fed.
John, when he’d eaten pretty well,
Felt poorly, so he rang the bell,
And told the waiter that his head
Was so ill, that he should be bled ;
“ Send the apothecary—quick,”
Said he—“ now don’t you think I’m sick ? ”
The waiter gravely view’d the tray
On which the breakfast trappings lay,
And reasoning from the remnants there,
Gave a most scrutinizing stare ;
But as he knew that man will eat,
And die the next hour after it,
He did not know but in this case,
’Twould just be so ; then with grave face,
“ Said, I fear you may be ill,
I’ll run forthwith for Doctor Squill.”
He went, but Squill was not at home,
But when returned, of course would come.

CANTO VII.

Now Cousin fell asleep and lay
His illness snoring fast away.

In half an hour the learned Squill,
Arm'd with his implements to kill,
Came, sharp and polish'd as a pin,
Just as the regiment came in
Confusion all.—The waiter said
He must depute the chamber-maid,
And call'd down Mary.—“ Sir,” said he,
“ She'll show the room—it's twenty-three.”
But cousin's room was twenty-*two*,
The other, *Swallow's* !—Even so :
'Twas now too late to mend mistakes,
So up the Doctor gravely walks,

Mary's prim figure on before,
And halted at the *Major's* door.
After a pause they enter ; both
Approach—Miss Mary somewhat loth—
Opens the curtains—there he lay—
The MAJOR—snoring gloriously,
Red as red cabbage in the face,
Making most horrible grimace,
And muttering many a dreaming curse,
About the *bathing* and the *horse*.
Squill view'd, and turning to the maid,
Whispering professionally, said,
“ The patient's in high fever. We
Must bleed aud blister instantly.
Let's not disturb him, for he's laid
In good position to be bled.
Come—hold the basin—stay—stop— stay—
I'll move his arm the other way,
The vein will bleed more freely so,—
There—that's the way the stream must flow.”

The ligature is deftly tied,
The lancet dext'rously applied,
And Mary's head turned quite aside.

}

In dips the point—out flies the stream—
The prod awakes him from his dream,
His eyeballs roll and glare aghast,
He views his life's blood flowing fast,
Which by this time had widely spread
Its crimson dye o'er all the bed.
“ O spare my life,” the sufferer cries,
Trembling in terror's agonies ;
“ Spare me, good Gentleman, I pray,
And take my cash—my all away :
You'll find a one pound note—just look,
In yonder leather pocket book.
Go—and the next time that you come,
You shall have twenty times the sum.”
Then with a supplicating eye,
Shivering he waited for reply.

Squill now to Mary thus began ;
“ You must get men to hold the man.
Run—call them up—” —“ Stay—mercy—
stay,”
Roars Swallow—“ one half hour to pray.”
And out he got upon his knees.
Still bleeding ; but by slow degrees.

Beneath the murderer's grapple, who
Will yield if he can strike a blow—
Where is the coward who'll submit
If blows will get him out of it ?
Squill towards him moved ; anticipation
Calls forth the Major's desperation ;
For seeing nothing left but fight,
He seized a chair and hit the wight
Such woeful whacks upon the head,
That down fell Physic all but dead,
Roaring and rolling 'neath the blows,
Swallow repeating oft the dose,
Until it *operated* well
Upon the suffering *patient* Squill.
Now in return Poor Pillbox prays,
Th' assailant not to end his days ;
And had not th' host and waiters come
Most promptly to the Major's room,
He would have Squill the same way sent
Which all his former patients went.

Things were by odds and ends explained,
And when he found his blood was drained,

Not by assassins as he thought,
 Before the matter thus came out,
 But by a busy 'pothecary,
 He flamed with most tremendous fury,
 Froth'd at the mouth, kick'd, plung'd, and
 swore

That Squill should never pass that door,
 And scarcely could the strength of three
 Avert the threatened destiny,
 'Till others who had heard the rout
 Came running in—so Squill *ran out!*

By this time, clambering up the stair,
 Came every laughing officer,
 With many a joke to crack upon
 The Major and my cousin John.
 O worthy hearers! to yourselves
 Picture those wicked laughing elves,
 Like urchins round a London Guy
 Crowding to grin impatiently.
 Swallow, all bloody in his shirt,
 By far much more alarm'd than hurt,

Waiters all trembling while he swore
And paced the room in frenzy o'er :
Picture the little, round, fat lump,
Fancy you hear him storm and stump,
Dealing his curses full and free
On all the physic faculty ;—
Fancy it well, 'twill save my time,
And many a *valuable* rhyme.

On Cousin's stomach th' operation
Of regular and good digestion,
Was, in its usual way proceeding,
While Swallow underwent his bleeding ;
But now recovered he arose,
Put on his smoke-dried *bathing* clothes,
And join'd the group, who lacked but John
To make complete their impish fun.
When he had learnt that Swallow bore
The bleeding meant for *him*, his roar
Of laughter fired another train,
And blew the grinners up again.
"Major," said John, "if you're not cured
By what you lately have endured,

Without a doubt—we know full well
Your strange complaint's incurable.
First you'd a bath—then put to bed
And *scientifically* bled ;
Now tell me, Major, were not these
Active, effectual remedies ?
For my part though phlebotomy
Has not been 'minister'd, yet see
I'm well again—and why not you
Who's used the bath and lancet too ?”
This raillery, well measured, brought
The Major's better temper out ;
So without more to do, he dress'd
And laugh'd himself at Cousin's jest.

The imps of drollery seem'd bent
To mark that day with incident ;
For before one half hour had flown,
As all prepared to see the town,
Some at the windows leaning out,
Some wandering carelessly about,
Some toying with the maids within,
Some in the stables of the inn,

When such a sight as ne'er before
Was seen from out that good Inn door,
Presented to the astonished sight
Of every gazing grinning wight.
John had been boldly holding forth
Against the horses of the north,
Preaching his fancy cattle-creed,
Which eulogized the "*London*" breed;
"By Heaven," said he, "such pinks of blood,
As you shall see compose my stud,
Are not in York—I bought the pair
At Tattersal's; and there
No horse was ever bought or sold
That is not worth its weight in gold !"
All were about to make reply
When the strange sight met every eye,
Broke off poor Cousin's fine oration,
And fill'd his soul with consternation.
Snub—hapless Snub—and is it thee,
Thou son of sad Simplicity,
Covered with dust ?—It is, it is—
Thy master even *thus* knows thy phiz.
And are those carrion-bones thy stud—
Thy master's *pretty pinks of blood* ?



South arrives with my Cousin's, &c.

Yes, yes, they are ; and such a pair
Never were brought to Smithfield fair.
O Snub,—Snub,—Snub,—was ever wight
In such abominable plight ?
No wonder that your master's eyes
Were well nigh blinded with surprise.
No wonder that you caused a grin
When you appeared before the inn.

In short—to come short cut upon
Snub's case which I have thus begun,
I'll e'en describe the mode he brought
His horses on his Yorkshire route.—

When Snub left London with his stud,
And took the long high Northern road,
To act, he thought, like servant who
His duty to his master knew,
Was worthy of the trust he bore,
And of the livery which he wore;
So as he no fixed orders got
About the stages of his route,
He thought the better way would be,
To push for Yorkshire rapidly,

And thereby shew his master John
How prompt and active was his man.
Pell mell away he set to trot,
Bumping and blowing and what not,
And fifty miles ere set of Sun
The *groom* and his two bloods had gone.
Fifty the next day too ; and then
The third day fifty miles again.
Resolving to perform his mission,
With most *surprising* expedition.
The fourth day lay before him still,
The measure of his route to fill ;
Another fifty ! but alack,
Each horse had got so sore a back,
From *bumping*, day about, on both,
That saddle—no nor saddle cloth
Could bear they ; and I'm glad to tell
Snub had his own skin rubb'd off well—
So well that if he'd got a million
(Unless perhaps 'twere on a pillion)
For riding half a mile, he wouldn't—
No, no, nor if he would, he couldn't.
His horses and himself thus quits,
Snub's forced to move upon his wits,

And therefore what was to be done ?
Why march on foot and lead them on !—

Even so he started in the work
To plod his fifty miles to York.
His saddle on his back is placed,
Holster and cloths his shoulders graced—
No ass was e'er so sadly saddled !
So muttering curses on he waddled ;
While the poor stud worn out and lame,
Pictures of woe creeped after him.
Of woe indeed, and every woe
Which worst of jaded roadsters know.
Spavins shot out, hooves ran and shattered,
Knees bleeding, loins with mud bespattered,—
The quivering tongue—the feverish eye—
The ribs appearing palpably,
Proved that their *London* smoothness was
Put merely on by grains or grass ;
And to a demonstration shewed
Them quite unfitting for the road.*

* Cousin John was not the first who purchased such a *bargain* at a London Sale of Horses. Swindling in horse-dealing has arrived at its acme,—and, indeed, a

In this all miserable plight,
The loaded, goaded, wandering wight,
From mile to mile and town to town,
His daily creeping course moved on ;
And those whom days before he pass'd
Nay *flew* by in conceited haste,
In turn *now* passed him, and bestow'd
Their jeers, which lightened not his load.

wider range than London affords for its exercise does not exist.

The *Kites* have multiplied even beyond the number of *pigeons*. Young men seem to be determined to despise wisdom in proportion to the depth of their purses. It is the fashion to be at Tattersall's, and Fashion will have her contributions.

Among the numerous ingenious practices in horse-dealing, that of sending horses a few miles into the Country to grass, or fattening them upon brewers' grains is not the least uncommon. Numbers of broken down cattle that have *done their work years before* are thus filled with soft flesh ; afterwards *bishoped*, and brought again to the market, *fresh from Nottingham, Derbyshire or Yorkshire*, baptised with a fine long name, and a pedigree still longer, *professionally* arranged, and exhibited. Thus prepared, they are entered for sale as the

Thus men who headlong run at gain
Outstretching all, find, to their pain,
Their strength fall short, their legs unfit
To come within a mile of it,
While he who wisely takes his time
Will make the point and laugh at him.

Plodding thus onward day by day
Snub went, and luck'ly lost his way—
At least his way to York—which shew'd
The wrong to be the better road ;

property of a Gentleman going abroad. The unlucky purchasers, however, like Cousin John, soon find out the secret. If these Swindlers should be called upon by the buyers for some referencial proof of their statement concerning the cattle, they instantly give the name of a gentleman at such and such an hotel, who *owns* the horses. On application, this “*gentleman*” is found at the above hotel elegantly dressed, and attended by his *servant* in *livery*. The character of the horses is given with double force, and the satisfied dupe concludes his bargain. This “*gentleman*” and his *servant* are, in fact, creatures of the swindlers, and paid weekly, found in clothes and hotel expences the better to carry on their purpose, and as soon as a bargain is concluded they decamp.

For by this chance he hit upon
The reg'ment and his master John,
Just in the moment when his praise
Set forth the *Stud's high qualities*.

When entering slowly the inn-yard,
Harness'd and dirty, Snub appeared,
Leading the poor remains of all
John's boasted pride of Tattersall,
With one accord all who had eyes
Stood struck with wonder and surprise ;
For such a figure— such a stud
Had never gone the Northern road.
No wonder then all roar'd and stared
As if the Dev'l came into th' yard.
His master's face with horror grew
White as a sheet, his eyes up flew.
He clapp'd his hands—he “groan'd a groan.”—
Fix'd as a monumental stone—
As if his limbs were stopp'd by magic—
In attitude most truly tragic
He stands and views his groom and horses—
Doubtless digesting inward curses
To shower upon the luckless head
Of poor old Snub, who now half dead

With terror at what was to come,
Stood trembling, staring, and struck dumb.
A wattle laid upon the pate,
With moderate force will irritate,
And call forth rage ; but if the knock
Be heav'ly dealt, why then the shock,
From its most sedative excess,
Shakes a man into quietness.
So the effect on Cousin's brain ;
He could, but by his look, complain.
And in th' excess of irritation
Poor Suub escaped a flagillation.

All tongues were now let loose at John,
And Swallow's run more briskly on
Than all the others, bart'ring fair
His Rowland for an Oliver.
“ Well, 'pon my soul, your stud,” said he,
“ Answer their character to a tee.
They shew some *blood*—they do indeed—
Their *knees*—*how prettily they bleed !*
Bone too enough—see here—see here—
How well their *spines and ribs appear !*

And ev'ry one may see they are
In *travelling condition*, Sir.
Perhaps you'll be inclined to sell?"
John grumbled something about hell,
And look'd as black as Belzebub
At Swallow and his *hopeful* Snub,
Whose face behind a cake of dust
Was frying fast into a crust,
And whose appearance seemed to be
The climax of all misery.

For half an hour at least the fun
Of *roasting* John and Snub went on :
Grooms, hostlers, helpers, waiters, cooks
Heap'd on their willing teasing jokes.
Coaches and horsemen stopp'd to see,
The scene of whimsicallity ;
For O ! so laughable a set—
Stud, man, and master never met.
Mashes of bran and meal are got ;
Water and milk—some cold, some hot,
Yet no avail—all means were tried—
The horses lived till night—then died.

But to proceed :—the hours pass'd by,
In mirth at John's calamity ;
And most enjoy'd by Tan, who knew
What John should be *obliged* to do—
Buy from *himself*, and at *his price*,
For he was chain'd to his advice
By interest. Now Tan knew well,
That this would make his horses sell ;
And always having half a dozen,
By him for customers like cousin,
Ere morn he made his bargain good,
And thus completed Johnny's stud.

They would have marched for Yorkshire's
border
Next day, but for an express order
To halt.—O joyful news for Snub,
To whom another *saddle-rub*
Would have been worse than blister—nay,
As bad as actual cautery.

Here in this vale, with nought to do,
Tan and his corps a week or two

Are lounging ; not a mouth as yet
Asked them if *theirs* knew how to eat,
Which on the Major's intellect,
Had a most irritable effect.
In vain the *reading rooms* he tried ;
In vain his pliant neck he plied
To every man who by his dress,
Likely, a *table* might possess.
The *weather* he exhausted quite
In *fishing* for his appetite,
Yet could not get a bite from aught,
Perch, roach, tench, gudgeon, eel or trout.
Talk'd of *nobility* to Tan,
In way that *erst* brought down his man.
Now party politics essays,
And takes the side that most may please,
Admires the land and villas nigh,
Hinting at hospitality ;
But all he got was bow or stare,
A vacant newspaper or chair :
And notwithstanding his address,
His most polite assiduosity,
None seem'd sufficiently to prize,
These fairly proffered qualities.

Such was enough to make the hair
Of Swallow rise up in despair;
Enough to make a wiser man
Run mad—than even he or Tan.
Nothing could please him—all went wrong—
The sun too hot—the day too long :
His dinners seem'd to lack a taste ;
His cash was *running off too fast*,
And Tan was quiet as bad as he ;
Both felt *expensive ennui*.

Amongst them was a merry fellow
That knew right well both Tan and Swallow ;
One with the spirit of old Nick,
Who'd play'd the regiment many a trick,
Who loved a wicked jest as well,
As Swallow wine or eatable.
This imp most deftly fix'd a plan
To shew the narrow mind of Tan
And Major Swallow, and to try,
A cure by wholesome raillery
Thus :—at the Inn a card appears
For Tan and “all his officers,”

From Mr. Baggs—to dine next day—
A Squire who lived two miles away,
And who, God knows, the last would be
To offer such civility ;
A fat inhospitable hog,
Who'd sooner dine with horse or dog,
Nay stand the pillory, than be
Cramp'd up in man's society.*
Tan reads the enliv'ning card—but mum :
Never suspecting it a hum
Conceals the glad intelligence,
As if 'twere nought of consequence,

* Although the military quarters throughout England are generally surrounded by society, whose hospitality and attention to officers deserve the most warm acknowledgment, yet a character will be sometimes found amongst them like a hog-sty in a flower garden, the disgust of strangers, and the shame of the neighbourhood. Scarcely one of those animals are to be met with in the Cities of Norwich and York, while the little contemptible suburbs of Coventry and Sheffield contain few of any other description: *chaque une a son gout.*

Merely remarking that he'd got,
"A *call* and invitation out."
"Out ! where ?" (said Swallow anxiously.)
"What !—Baggs's ?—ho—ha—so have I.
He calls me Colonel—curious too—
Tan—here—come—just a word with you."
And arm in arm both onward walk,
In close and confidential talk,
Leaving the rest—who'd thought it hard
That *they* had not received a card.

Now the odd wight who play'd the joke,
Managed his fire without a smoke :—
To shew that Tan and Swallow were
The self same species to a hair,
On both cards (save for each man's name)
He scrupulously wrote the same :
Both therefore got an *invitation* ;
And hence their *whispering* conversation.
How they arranged between them, we,
In formâ propria, soon shall see.

Next day both dress'd as sleek as mouse,
Set off for fat Squire Baggs's house ;

And though the others had the right
T' avail themselves of this *invite*,
Yet no one knew.—How could they know ?
For neither ask'd a soul to go.
This was the point the wag's deep mind
Had laboured so to have defined ;
For he suspected both before
Had play'd the mean Conspirator,
And, faithful to their degradation,
Thus smothered many an invitation.*

* In some regiments a practice exists of excluding each other from society as far as possible, and although it may be in some instances in the power of those officers who are of equal rank to exercise that selfish and ungentlemanly conduct, yet it most frequently may be seen in the Commanding officers of those regiments where the illiberality is practised.

When a Regiment comes into new quarters, the manner of visiting which some inhabitants of the neighbourhood adopt, is to call upon the *field officers*, leaving a card for the others, and frequently, in giving invitations, they only ask the *Colonel*, requesting him to bring as many officers as he wishes: and it has been too much the practice in illiberal and selfish men not only to keep back their brother officers from such social ad-

The youths at home sat down to dine,
And having dined began their wine,
A whit not less unhappy than
If with them sat Old *Punch* and Tan.
The better to enjoy the air,
And make the passing peasants stare,
They ope'd the windows wide, and show'd
Their *splended pictures* to the road ;
Whence many an envious hungry eye
Look'd on their board of luxury.

vantages, but to do so by such means as lead to a suspicion of the most ungentlemanly kind, derogatory to the high and responsible station which the commanding officer of a regiment holds. But such illiberality is only to be found in men of obscure birth and inferior education.

The most remarkable of these sort of characters which the author has met with in the army, were a Lieutenant-Colonel who, was a son of a leather seller ; and a Major, whose library was the larder ; the former was so conceited, that he would scarcely deign to pass by a tan-yard, lest the smell should be disagreeable to his refinement ; and the latter made a practice of purchasing all the reviews, in order to be enabled to talk a little at *dinner* on literary subjects.

Thus seated, all behold—good lack !
Their leaders coming trotting back
With faces red as fire ; with eye
Looking full black and wickedly.
All to the windows run and poke
Their heads out ready for a joke ;
For each suspected by their faces
The proper state in which the case was.
“ Why back so soon ? ” from every tongue,
Ring on their feelings, too well wrung
By Disappointment’s reckless hand—
By witchery’s infernal wand.
They ’light, and both like flambeaux come
Forthwith into the dining room,
Flashing such unexpected fire
From thund’ring tongues and eyes of ire,
That all—(though silently) agreed
That they’d been *bitten* and gone mad.
Tan privileged by rank to roar
Indulged, and (for the first time) swore,
Grinning in every face to try
If he could sift the roguery ;
While Swallow vehemently shook
His fist and stamp’d at every look,

Froth'd at the mouth, and fairly drown'd
The sense of all Tan said, in sound.
However this much all perceived,
That both were mis'rably deceived—
In other words, were *hoaxed* ; and none
Could (inwardly) dislike the fun.
Why any simpleton could see
Swallow was down right hungry,
And were he stupid as a calf,
I would defy one not to laugh.
When Nap lost Leipsic's battle, he
Behaved not so outrageously :
What's loss of battles ? loss of bubbles,
Nought but imaginary troubles,
As long as those who loose have got,
Their mutton safely in the pot,
With which to cheer ; but to a mind,
Like this fat Major's, which defined
The acme of all human wishes
To be the government of dishes,
I will insist Nap was the winner,
Compared with Swallow's loss—his dinner.

The upshot of the matter was,
Both swore they'd find who was the cause,
If he was to be found, and make
The reg'ment from the bottom quake.
"For such an insult," Stammered Tan,
"Was never put on Gentleman ;—
To send us to a hog—a bear—
To ask a dinner as it were ;
To be received with frown and sneer,
And questioned what we wanted there, ---
Told that we had intruded on
Th' *premises*, and bade begone !
By G—d, the Duke of York shall hear,
Forthwith, the whole of the affair."
Thus out they flew, and slapp'd the door,
Leaving the wights within to roar
With laughter, such as never shook
The sides of Drollery and Joke.

I dare say ev'ry son of fun
Can judge how hoaxes may be done ;
And also know that if done well,
"Twould puzzle the Dev'l himself to tell

Who did them : Even so the joke
Ended, as end it should, in smoke,
Leaving the victims sorely tame,
And covered o'er with well-timed shame.
The rats were snaffled in a noose,
That all their efforts could not loose :
They struggled, hiss'd, and grinn'd, and bit,
Yet nought was left them but submit.

These scenes were novel to the eye
Of cousin ; and the Cavalry,
By what he'd seen already, seem'd
Not what he'd that department deem'd,
In the delightful rapid tide
Which carried on his bark of pride :
Reflection introduced regret,
And like a man in jail for debt,
He went to bed to think upon
His state, and draw comparison—
Wishing his freedom from such fellows—
Such rooks and kites—such *Tans** and *Swallows*.

* In the South of Ireland there is a bird called the *Tan*, a species of owl.

An order came next day express
About the *riding business*,
A circular cut out and sent
To ev'ry Cav'lry regiment,
By th' influence of one who brought
Some novel style of riding out,
A cunning artful German *rough*,
Who learnt to ride just well enough,
To leap his foreign *piebald* mule
O'er every military rule,
O'er royal—aye and common sense,
With spurs of downright impudence ;
His legs conceitedly astraddle,
An *English Colonel's proper saddle* ;
Sitting like monkey dress'd in gold,
Yet managing his *seat* to hold.

At th' influence of this wight, I say,
An express order came next day,
That one Lieutenant up should go,
To learn to ride at Pimlico ;*

* It is to be lamented that the plausibility of a chimerical system of riding lately brought into the army is so effectual to the ends of individuals interested, as

And though he twenty years had been
On horses' backs in every scene—
Drill, field-day, or before the foe—
All one, to London he should go,
To learn from some new man or men
His *riding alphabet* again,
And there be made the very tool
Of interest and the riding school ;

to shut up the eyes of the high military authorities against a palpable quackery, and to root itself into the public accounts, to the amount of some thousands annually. It is now well known in the Cavalry, that the system taught by Colonel P***, is no improvement ; the principles are the same with our former system : the only difference in the new one is, that the ornamental part, or rather the surface, is more methodized, while the useful is more complicated. Nothing can be more absurd and ridiculous—nothing more calculated to shew the pains which the inventor took to be *original*—and nothing more exemplifies the fable of the Mountain and the Mouse, than the mere preparations for mounting. The soldier is manœuvring about the head of his horse—changing his hands from rein to rein ; measuring the distance by inches from his foot to his stirrup, in such a minute and useless manner, that it convinces every rational man

Aye have his breeches rubb'd to pieces
In learning some new fangled graces;
Though he might teach the man who taught,
To ride, and fight as he had fought,
And shew him that his "*graceful*" system
Wo'n't win the foe, and can't resist 'em.
A veteran!—to think that he,
Be thus the tool of quackery—
To have his legs, and knees, and feet,
Twisted and lugg'd to make complete

that this part of the system would suit a pantomime where motions are performed to music, more than a soldiery and useful system of riding. Our regiments mounted, rode, and fought on horseback quite as well before Colonel P***'s system was introduced, as they ever will. But novelty is the order of the day. It was really pitiable to witness all the adjutants of the army, and all the riding masters sent up to learn this new system.—Men who had been in every battle in the Peninsula—to see them going through silly and ridiculous motions, (to gratify a man who NEVER SAW THE FOE) like jack puddings for two or three months together, and then returning to their Regiments, like John Bull from Paris, full of new theories, but practising in their good, old, homely, and better way.

This old "new system;" and to shew
Him how to ride before the foe,
Who oft both well and fearless rode,
Into the smoke, and fire and blood,
Where the prim quack of Pimlico,
Dare not, with all his "system," go.

Well, even so 'twas as I said,—
Orders of course must be obey'd;
Those at head quarters liked the thing,
So there's no use in chattering.
Happy for John whose restless mind,
To things around was unresigned,
Who loved the sounds of London glee,
As women fun and foolery:
Happy that he had been the worst
Horseman that ever saddle cross'd;
For now it was the cause to bring,
Of all he wished the very thing;
He was forthwith fixed on for school,
To learn to ride by novel rule.
So glad was he, a single day
He did not even ask to stay,

And Tan's *good* charger mounted on,
With Snub refitted, off set John
To meet the first stage coach, and fly,
For London off, immediately,
Rejoicing in his heart to get,
Away from such a motley set
Of *cut throat friends*—far worse, thought he,
Than the worst open enemy.

CANTO VIII.

ERE three days ended, lo ! our spark
For Pimlico across the park
Is striding; three day's beard grown out—
Red bristles—'neath his upturn'd snout;
For Cousin meant to cut a dash
In *musty* with a huge mustache,
And therefore only *cut* the hair
From off his chin, leaving a pair
Beneath his nose, just long enough
To look like so much *carrot-smuff*;
While to *his* fancy they not only,
Were *fine*, but downright *gentlemanly*.

The Riding school John visits straight:
Unluck'ly standing at the gate,

Was Col'nel P—s, — he who teaches,
If not to ride, to wear out breeches.
Unluckily, I say, John met
This riding master at the gate ;
And whether 'twas from fault in taste,
Or from the giddiness of haste,
He took the Col'nel for a groom,
Or keeper of the stable-broom,
Or hanger on, or something such ;
However 'twas a woeful touch
To the Germanic pride of one
Who thought all eyes could read upon
His military form and features
“ *The Systematic Rider* P—s ! ! ”
“ I say, my *Man*, ” (said Cousin) “ where
Is Col'nel P—s ? Eh !—D' you hear ? ”
“ I do, ” (said P—s, while his pride
Was miserably mortified,)
“ I do :—If you're an officer
“ Who's come to learn to ride ; why, Sir,
“ 'Tis to be hoped that you may get
“ A *proper knowledge* of him yet:
“ *I am the COLONEL !* ”—O John,
You've done your business—fairly done !—

Not even your Aunt's politest bow,
Nor smile, nor grace avails you now;
You've scared away the fish you sought,
And now you may your line throw out
Till doomsday, yet sha'n't get a rise,
E'en though you try the brightest flies.

This interview, as one may guess,
Was a most awkward business,
And ended in the usual way,
A patch'd up sort of courtesy.

Now for the ride. John's put in training,
Through motions scarcely worth explaining—
Divers preparatory things,
Lesson'd him by the underlings.
Behold him so far through his course
As competent to *mount* a horse;
Which he could do *almost* with ease,
At th' end of *six* or *seven* days!
Now 'twas the Col'nel's wish to see
His pupil seated *properly*.
His legs, and knees, and head, and all
In situ systematical;

Therefore, his wishes to fulfil,
Ordered for John a *special* drill.
Doubtless he thought that Cousin's knees
Might puzzle his riding sciences:—
Perhaps he recollected yet,
The awkward meeting at the gate:—
However, be it as it might,
He came himself to drill the wight.

“Come, Mr. Newcome—please to mount—
Move out your charger in the front—
Attention.” Now for th' exhibition.—
Such an extraordinary position,
In rotten row on Sunday hack,
Never was stuck on saddle's back.
“Ha! *Got for dam!*” (the Col'nel halloos)
“Come here a half-a-dozen fellows,
“And push this gentleman up straight—
“Shew him the military seat.
“Why, Sir, it would appear to me,
“You're griped and pinch'd internally.
“Go try if possible to squeeze
“The gentleman's outsticking knees

Into a proper form." They fly
Surround'd the pupil instantly:
Of legs, and knees, and feet, lay hold —
And properly indeed they pull'd ;
So well that on his brow at length
Appeared the effects of their strength
In strange and suffering grimace,
Affecting every other face
With laughter—even the Colonel's eye
Slipp'd through its mimic gravity !

When they had fix'd in form the wight ;
His legs stiff down, his chin upright—
Which by the strength of six strong men,
They haply did at last—why then,
They left him in this stiff position
Two hours without an intermission ;
And after (for a wicked whim)
To shake the stiffness out of him,
They trotted him three full hours more
As hard as horse could trot—and sore
He felt the trotting, for poor John,
No stirrup had to bear upon.
We've modes of teaching every matter,
Come do things mildly, others clatter ;

Some ram their science down your throat ;
While others deal instruction out
So sparingly, that what they give
Will never choak you. Some achieve
The work of teaching, in the way
That Musslemans make Christians pray :
All have their own peculiar mode
In driving us their own good road.
P—s of course had his ; and he
Did it with all that tyranny
Which “ th’ insolence of office ” lends
To *upstarts* who possess *high friends*.
With such a mode, and such a one
As sad unlucky-spoken John,
Who, for the want of—God knows what—
When meeting at the gate, had not
Address’d the Col’nel’s dear ambition
In terms becoming his conditon,—
Need I say nought was left untried
To make per-force the pupil ride ?
No nought indeed was left—no trouble
To make his daily lessons double :
His knees were regulary twisted—
Which just as reg’larly resisted ;

Legs, ankles, arms, and head, and chin,
Daily beset from six till ten ;
And ev'ry afternoon, to make
Him used to a terrific shake,
Without a stirrup he was plied
With four hours of the roughest ride ;
And when he ended ev'ry day,
Was doom'd to hear his tutor say,
“ To morrow, Sir, you must go through
This ride *again* from *ten* till *two* !”

With secret ill-will on one side,
On t'other such a *shaking* ride,
It can't be puzzling to suppose
Cousin and tutor well nigh foes.
'Twas even so ; John could not bear
The haughty and insulting air ;
Nor P—s e'er forget the gate,
And his revenge insatiate.
Now gath'ring storms sometimes pass on,
But much more frequently come down.
Within our cousin's breast hot ire,
Inflated such a tempest dire,

That if it pass'd the worst might pass ;
But it came down, and thus it was :—
One morning smarting from his ride—
From P—s' insolence and pride,
Some bitter word of reprimand,
Fell from this *rider* in command,
Which was like match to loaded gun,
And set off all the rage of John.
He from his horse jumps down, and goes,
Determin'dly to P—s' nose,
And seizes it before he knew
Or thought of what John meant to do.
'Twixt his long bony knuckles he
Twisted the nose confoundedly ;
And shew'd him what it was to squeeze,
A member —be it nose or knees.

'Twas done—the nose was pull'd. Alas !
Such deep offence can never pass :
'Twas foul—'twas vile—'twas harsh—'twas
cruel—
'Twould make a monkey fight a duel.
Now while the last and twinging tweak,
Hung on the nerves of P—s' beak,

In seas of blood his courage swam,
“Fon fluk!—De Dyvel!—Got vor dam!”—
Roared from his jaws; and every one
Pitied his future victim John.

Cousin thus partly satisfied,
Departed: as he went he cried—
“Now, Sir, you’ve got a lesson; and
“When you may Gentlemen command,
“Remember it, for ’twill be wisdom,
“And wond’rously improve your *system*.”

Whether the gallant Major fought
With Cousin after or did not,*

* Considering the strict rules which exist in the Army to regulate the practice of duelling, so necessary to uphold that observance of decorum which is its pride and ornament, it is surprising to see the number of *white feathers* who screen themselves, beneath the wing of their office, from the just resentment due to their overbearing conduct. Superiority in command, such men always think, entitles them to exercise their arrogance in the most insulting manner, which they do to the full with those inferior officers who they know cannot resign without ruin, and who cannot challenge without a court martial. Such unmanliness will in most cases be found conjoined with cowardice.

Or took, for his more sure protection,
A legal mode of satisfaction ;
Or whether, when his passion cooled,
Prudence these measures overruled,
We learn not, but surmises say
Things ended in the *gentlest* way.
However, be it as it will,
As no extraordinary ill
Followed our Cousin from the *nosing*,
I'll trot and keep my nag from dozing.

O Love ! thy magic mirror's light,
Sets all deformities to right ;

The most positive instance of such, is a late Captain in the Dragoon Guards, who, having secured himself from the possibility of encountering a pistol-bullet by a secret determination to keep out of its way, exercised his little command in the most insulting manner wherever he had an opportunity ; yet this man would permit himself to be kicked into civility *when there was no witness by* to substantiate a charge against the assailant. This remedy was tried upon him twice—once in India and once in the public streets of Birmingham, by a Quartermaster, who run all risks to punish him—The Captain pocketed his payment and left the army with a whole skin, much to the comfort of the regiment he belonged to. It would be well if

Faithful to falsehood always shews,
Alike the straight or crooked nose
With features fine bedecks the face,
Makes greasy cheeks and chin all grace ;
The hypocrite divinely true ;
Puts angel-sweetness on the shrew ;
Turns talking froth and impudence
To poetry and eloquence ;
Gives wisdom to the idiot's eye ;
To sots a clear sobriety ;
Prudence to misers, wit to fools,
And tractability to mules :

every one of this description who may yet be found sullyng the gallant, and brilliant circle of the army, should meet with as resolute a foot as that of the Quartermaster's to remove them from a society for which they are so unworthy, and to which they are such incalculable pest and disgrace. If so the army would not be again annoyed by such men as Colonel R—y—l, the *hack* Commandant of the Peninsula, Captain M·K—z—e, Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General at Lisbon in 1810 (both illiterate men raised from the ranks) General P—c—k, Commandant at Lisbon, and Sir D—s P——k, an obscure adventurer, who though not a coward, makes up in arrogance and tyranny most amply for that quality.

Rank should never interfere with duelling, provided there exists *true cause* for challenging. The only

Yes, yes, the vain, the foul, the base,
Are beauties in thy looking-glass;
And wise and weak, and fool, and wit,—
All like to take a peep at it.
Thou know'st full well that none will see
Things rightly through self flattery,
And therefore fix it 'fore their eyes,
When viewing their own qualities.

Now Cousin for the first time took
Into this luckless glass a look ;
Which in the wickedness of whim
Sly, knavish Cupid shewed to him.

Fill'd with self satisfaction strong,
He moved all rapidly along,

bond an inferior officer possesses against abject slavery is the power of calling a wanton insulter to account. Have not the army the highest example in the conduct of their noble, honorable and high-minded Commander in Chief, who scorning to avail himself of his exalted rank when personal satisfaction was hinted at by the late Duke of Richmond, then Colonel Lennox, threw by his royal shield and stood breast to breast with him? In the conduct of His Royal Highness through life, as well as in this circumstance, the army has had examples of every thing that ornaments and exalts the soldier, and their ambition should be to follow them.

Nor heeding whither, so that he
Got from this riding-house away.
Muttering and grumbling to himself,
Damning the nose-wrung riding elf,
He floundered on ; when at the gate
Yclept “ the Buckingham,” he met
A nymph—an angel—what you will—
Or woman, which is better still,
Bedeck’d with charms, for Beauty’s mart
In nature fine and finer art :
Him she accosts, begging to know
Which was “ the way to Pimlico ?”
The voice, the lip, the teeth, the cheek,
The dimpled chin, the eyes that speak,
The ringlet soft, that gently flows
Like light leaves playing o’er the rose,
The falling shoulder and the breast,
Where lovers’ fancies love to rest ;
The arm perfection, placed with these ;
The ankle and its promises ;
And O ! the silken coal-box bonnet,
The ribbands—feathers—flowers upon it ;
The *shal Francois* ; the light tight boot ;
And then—and then the *petticoat* !

Flashed like so many meteors on
The unexpected eyes of John :
His heart, his limbs, his optics quiver :
Narcissus viewing in the river,
His beauties felt not such delight
As Cousin at this lovely sight.
“ *The way to Pimlico*” was said
With such a movement of the head !
With such a smile—that promised all
The luckiest lover could befall ;
The indescribable demand
Her manner made for Cousin’s hand ;
Secured it, and with gallant air
He bow’d his service to the fair ;
So, smiling, leering, on they go,
To seek and find out Pimlico,
Which t’other side the gate-way lay,
Scarcely a *couple yards* away.

Through th’ hamlet on, from end to end,
They went, nor even then ceased to wend ;
Yea the long length of Chelsea stole
Beneath each *happy-moving sole*,

Before the lady asked to know
Where was this self same Pimlico ?
But why delay on things like these—
Such little love-like dalliances ?
Enough to say that John was smitten—
That she could bite and he was bitten.
The thing was thus : they walked and walked,
And talked and looked, and looked and talked,
And in a brace of hours they parted,
She languishing, he leaden-hearted,
Yet well assured that they should meet
Next day at four, in James's street.

That day John could not eat nor drink,
That night he could not sleep a wink ;
He went to bed, but all in vain,
He could not rest—got up again ;
Paced o'er his room with hurried stride,
Looked in the glass and deeply sigh'd,
Then threw himself from chair to chair,
With sad and contemplative air ;
He felt such restlessness and itchings,
Such fears and fancies, starts and twitchings,

'Twas plain that Cupid for a whim,
Had safe and soundly snaffled him.

John's landlady who slept above,
One who had never dream't that Love
Could thus disturb her lodger's breast,
Or steal from any man his rest,
Hearing the noise below, arose,
And hast'ly huddling on her clothes,
Poked out her match and flint in fright,
And pale and trembling struck a light,
Whose rays but served to magnify
The thousand terrors of her eye :
She turns the key ;—but what are locks
Before a desperate sledge's knocks ?
In bonâ fide she believes
The house beset below by thieves ;
So, a huge table cross the floor
She pulls to fix against the door,
And now another ; chairs on chairs
In barricading strength she rears,
While 'gainst the pile she props herself,
Her pockets and her golden pelf,

Resolved to stand the awful night,
And pray and push with all her might.

Now Cousin, though ears-deep in love,
Heard all this rumbling noise above :
Well might he too—so up he went
With gallant and humane intent,
And pausing at the lady's door,
Heard not the customary snore.
A smothered “ *Lord o’ mercy*” now,
And now a broken sigh or two
Burst through the key-hole to his ear,
And roused the silent watch of fear,—
Enough : his side, with well-judged power,
He props and pushes ’gainst the door ;
And might have brok’n it in, but she
Within pushed quite as hard as he :
However, fright increased so high
Upon the breathless landlady,
That straight she to the window flies
And “ Watch ! Watch ! Watch ! thieves, murder !” cries :
Which still made Cousin push the more

To succour her. Roar followed roar,
The rattles rung ; the watchmen came,
And, ordered by the screaming dame,
To break the outward door, soon did,
Full *willingly* as they were bid :
Such folks a hand will read'ly lend,
To break in houses for a *friend*.
Up thundering to the topmost flight,
Run gabbling guardians of the night,
Not all—for some below kept watch,
No doubt to see what chance might catch.
Cousin, thus reinforced grew stout,
And 'stead of shoulder now used foot,
So manfully, that in flies door,
Chairs, tables,—all about the floor,
With such tremendous crash, that all
Retreat, and o'er each other fall
In terror, but the lanthorn's light,
Directed by the *Chief* of night,
Relieved the panic, and at once
Full twenty on poor Cousin pounce ;
While others gaping, crowd to see
The prostrate murdered landlady.

Murdered she *must* be— so all said—
Cousin, the man that did the deed !
In vain to struggle or deny—
The watchmen said it—John must die.
Never was man in such a passion ;
Never did tongue make such oration ;
Yet all the answer that he got,
Was knuckles grappling at his throat.

Heaven knows what consequences might
Have mark'd th' occurrence of this night,
Had Cousin's landlady (as said)
Been, what she seemed, *completely* dead :
*The wisdom of our wise recorder,
Has made such cases *downright murder* !
But with a scream the woman 'wakened,
At which the watchmen's grapple slackened ;
And soon the mighty consternation
Was softened into explanation.

* The unfortunate Eliza Fenning was hung on the weakest circumstantial evidence ; yet the *merciful* Recorder thought differently, and shut out all temporal hope from her !

John waited not to see things settled,
But to his chamber, sorely nettled,
Retired ; and left the half killed dame
To quench this oddly lighted flame.

Alone, that love—that wicked cause
Of tumbling chairs and watchmen's noise,
Beset our hero, and the thought
Of Seraphal set all afloat.
The park, and her sweet looks returned ;
His amorous soul's volcanos burned,
And wild imaginations fire
Exploding, spouted higher and higher,
He sat him down—he poised his pen—
His eye grew fixed—he frowned—and then
His soul, upon his Seraphal,
Fell in a stream poetical.

Thus wrote he, and so much the lay
Was done in Murray's classic way,
That had he seen it—scarce a doubt—
He would have “ *brought the poet out.*”
And if *that* book lord would not do it,
Warren, who longs to net a poet,

Would soon dismiss his awkward squad,
And run him at the town rough shod,
Then truly to the *Row* might say,
“ *My* works shall see posterity !!!”

Cousin John's Poem.*

TO SERAPHAL.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells
Where Heavenly pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever musing melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult?—POPE.

I.

Reckless of aught, what's this wide world to me ?
My life is but a flint without a spark,
Things flit misshapen o'er my glaring ee,
Light is not light, nor darkest darkness dark.

* By this memorial of our hero's esteem, as well as the style and sentiment of his poem, it appears that he was a fervent admirer and imitator of Lord Byron ; and amongst the myriads of poets who have been bit by his Lordship, our hero shews in the above specimen less dangerous symptoms of poetic hydrophobia than all the rest.

Yet O ! the eye that met me in the park,
Beaming so lonely—full of loveliness—
Tells me there's some thing left—yes 'tis the
mark,

The beacon bright at which my soul shall gaze,
While lives my trackless bark upon the dark
blue seas.

II.

When I behold that “coal-black” eye perchance
Peeping from “coach of hackney” slylily,
Or dancing lightly in the lighter dance,
My life awakes, my heart beats gladdily ;
Yes 'tis a joyless joy—a flash I see
Which eftsoons passeth, and I'm sad again :
Then come, my blackest thoughts—flit over me
Black as my ink !—O bathe my willing pen
'Till I awake the world—the wonderment
of men.

III.

But what are men to me except to hear
My taunts, abuse, disdain—and swallow all ;

Admire my virtues, praise my noble sneer,
And chalk my poetry on every wall
With Doctor Eady?—O ! my Seraphal !—
Thou that doth hold me in “thy amorous
clutch,”

Be thou alone my theme poetical ;
Child John, yea even as Harold, loves thee
much,
To him my love thou’rt all, for all the rest is
fudge.

IV.

Hear me my mother Earth, behold it Heaven !
Have I not deigned to struggle with the watch ?
Have I not let those hang-dogs be forgiven
Get clearly off, escape without a scratch ?
Have I not had my face scraped, my coat riven !
Throat squeezed, nerves shaken, right’s right
rived away ;
And only *not* to fisty-cuffing driven,
Because not all together—I may say—
Inclined to combat in such perilous affray ?

V.

Yet there's a sweet redeeming thing—a soul,
That hears not, sees not, recks not, knows not
all ;

Unconscious of controlling must control,
And move my every fancy—great and small :
'Tis thine my love—my life—my Seraphal.
Oh when this hand is cold—this heart is broken,
Mourn thou the lover and the poet's fall :
With thy dear name, oh let my name be spoken
And Byron's works, half bound, I leave thee for
a token. J. N.

Written at Midnight.

Having concluded this essay
Of Haroldaic poetry,
With certain movements of the head,
And brow and lip, he went to bed ;
Where notwithstanding all his woe,
He slept 'till P. M. half past two !
Love makes some drink, some fight, some rave,
Some seek the desert, some the wave,

Keeps one eye 'wake, makes t'other weep,
But here th' effect was good sound sleep!
Yet one, to read John's rhymes, would think,
He'd die in spite before a wink
Of vulgar slumber could impress
His eyelids with its quietness :
But, like the bard he copied, all
This flaming love for Seraphal
Raged more i'th' ink than in the blood—
More verse than feeling—so it should.

'Till half past two he slept, I said :—
At four he was to meet the maid :
Three half hours only left to dress,
And do his breakfast business !
Well these soon pass : at four they meet,
And hope's, in happiness complete.
From street to street they lounge along,
Nods fly in thousands from the throng ;
To Seraphal's bewitching eyes,
Who modestly by smiles replies,
And always turned t' explain to John,
The rank of each that nodded on.

Fruit, jellies, ices, creams, blancmanges,
Succeeded now these passing *congé's* ;
A gem or two—a broach or ring,
And every little bawblish thing
That haply chanced to sympathize
With the maid's own bright gems, her eyes,
Was forthwith bought, and John's sick purse
Grew every moment worse and worse ;
In short 'twas dying fast away
Of what's called "*galloping decay*."
But what is heaviest purse when weighed
I' th' balance with a lover's head
Like Cousin's, stuffed as 'twas with all
The weighty charms of Seraphal ?
A puff-cake 'gainst a christmas pye,
Or, to an elephant, a fly.

Now ere they closed their loving walk,
Cousin was coming short of talk ;
Again he ran the poets o'er,
Scott, Campbell, Shelley, Byron, Moore,
And done with these immortal masters,
He luckily took the poetasters;

For counting these would keep him talking,
 If they were three days more a walking.
 The lake and leg of mutton* schoolers,
 The fustian flaters and the pulers,
 Sustained by Southey, Coleridge, Leigh,
 Crabbe, Wordsworth, Hunt and *Company* ;
 The Bond street crazy moody men,
 Who write with crazier Biblo's† pen,
 Driving their mules, whose mother ass
 Was cross'd by Byron's pegasus :
 Of their's, and his own talents, John
 Had ample scope to chat upon ;
 And here indubitably he,
 Had a fair opportunity
 Of shewing to his Seraphal
His poem — not the worst of all.—
 She took it, read it, blushed and sigh'd—
 While John with eye of rapture eyed—
 And as she placed it near her heart,
 Murmured “ alas ! we soon must part :”

* See Blackwood's Magazine for June 1821, for a description of this new school of poetry.

† A Bookseller, who cuts out subjects for his poets, employing them as journeymen.

He turned half pale—but when she said
“ We’ll meet to-morrow,” John grew red ;—
Such sweet emotions flitted o’er
Their hearts as never flew before ;
O ! that such love would last !—But this
Must be next Canto’s business.

END OF THE EIGHTH CANTO.

CANTO IX.

JOHNNY and Seraphal grew loving,
Their steps were gradually moving
Towards Hymen's altar: all seemed fair,
One suited t'other to a hair.
The maiden's mother was consulted,
John introduced; and what resulted
Was full approval of the youth,
With hints on constancy and truth,
And sermonizing phrases, given
To make more blest his coming heaven;
Some questions too, on property,
Profession, rank, and family,
Were put to John, whose explanation,
Put all things out of disputation:

In fact, he shewed *such blood* all through,
His cash so liberally flew,
The mother could but little need
T' examine *further* Cousin's breed ;
And so—maternal duty done,
She seldom interrupted John,
But let him, as her mind was eased,
Go in and out whene'er he pleased.

Day followed day—bill followed bill,
His cash was flying with *her* will,
Where'er it went, till Aunt grew sore,
And would accept his bills no more.
The wedding day was coming fast,
His little stock on hand can't last—
This *ceremony* will not do
Without some other *money* too :
What's to be done ? Exchange and take
The half-pay difference :—all's at stake ;—
His Seraphal, his love, his marriage ;
Enough—he calls a hackney carriage—
Drives to an army broking jew,
Set's every matter right in cue,

And in a fortnight, aye, or less,
He did poor Cousin's *business*.

John's on the *half-pay* list now paisted,
All cash but two poor hundreds wasted,
Which he found devilish hard to screw
From th' hands of the army-broking jew.
Why, that sum—poor unlucky sinner,
Would scarcely pay the wedding dinner!
One hope and not the weakest kind,
Sprang up in John's prolific mind;
His Favourite game, blest *Rouge et Noir*,
Was now a Fortunatus' store,
From which he daily meant to pull,
A most capacious pocket full.
Forthwith he timidly begun,
But finding that his luck had won,
Went boldly on, and day by day
Got farther on the waves of play.
His shallow bark sailed full and free,
Save now and then a strong head sea
Would shake her, and to all but John
Shew what weak planks he stood upon.

All had his purse ; and Seraphal,
His hopeful love, the most of all ;
If he should hundreds win to night,
They vanished at the next day light.
Thus had he certain goings out,
The comings in mere chance and doubt,
And if the latter failed, we know,
The former must, most sadly too.
These comings in had three days ceased,
The goings out therewith increased,
When looking in his purse he found,
The hundreds shrunk to one sad pound !
What's to be done ? He knows not what—
Remorse consumes him, haggard thought
Hangs on his brow : poor Snub perceives
His grief, and inward keenly grieves,
Hovers about him and in vain
Requests his master to explain :
At length perceiving—(well he might)
That cash would set all matters right ;
He told his master, if he would
He'd raise a hundred on his stud,
With some *et ceteras* that might
Bring fifty more that very night :



My Cousin's visit at Rouge et Noir

Who meets in Asia's sands a spring,
Knows pleasure after suffering,
Not more than Cousin when he knew,
What Snub could do—or said he'd do—
And done it was—in three hours he,
Brought in the money joyfully ;
Which slaked our Cousin's burning thirst,
And to the way he went at first,
Through dissipation's desert took,
Without one cautionary look.

The hour for game arrives: the lights,
Wine, waiters, dealers—all to rights.
Around the glittering tempting bank,
Stares many a face, both long and lank,
Watching, as hungry beggars watch,
A baker's smoking breakfast batch,
Feasting in fancy on the store,
Which only makes them hunger more :
Others inflamed, with avarice fling,
Devoted hundreds to the ring,
Which should have been but ne'er will be
The cheer of starving family.

The bell is rung : our hero enters
The calculating crowd of punters,
With heart and three good fiftys' ready
To play, but then to play so steady,
That by well judged and moderate stake,
He meant (*sans dcute*) the bank to break.
Bows, snuff and smiles accost him there,
And waiting stands the ready chair ;
Each hollow eye a deeper shade
Evinced in staring at the blade,
And keen was ev'ry banker's look,
In scanning Cousin's pocket book.

A dozen games at least, John waited
In calculation ere he betted,
And on the thirteenth gravely put,
A lucky folded five pound note ;
Thought he—" *Of course, this five I'll win,*
And then the next shall be a ten ;"
But ere the thought had passed poor John,
Thy judgment and thy five were gone !
Down twenty goes—gone!—fifty!—steady,
Thy horse is nearly off already ;

Pull up, pull up—no there he goes,
Trappings and all, even to his shoes!
The blood is up in Cousin's face,
He runs but fears to lose the race,
And justly too. Bring him a cup
Of Brandy strong to keep him up;
Another too—alas! alas!
He finds not fortune in the glass,
Nor in the game, nor in his head—
The fickle faithless flirt is fled!
Horror is in his looks—he views
His last pound note, and down he throws
The slender remnant of his purse,
Sealing the offer with a curse,
Which faithful to its kindred evil,
Bore it upon the back o' th' Devil,
And left poor Cousin madly staring,
Stamping, muttering, grinning, swearing,
Without a shilling and what's worse,
In love, surrounded with remorse,
Want, woe, and all their horrors grin,
Despised by those that ruined him.*

* There are no class of men who suffer more than half-pay officers from the vice of gaming in London.

Home went the gamesters' victim sad—
Snub stares : believes him all but mad,
And scans his countenance, while sighs
Break from his lips, tears from his eyes,
To see so great a change, for he
Had loved his master honestly ;
However, not a word he said,
But left him sore and sad in bed.

The night soon pass'd—John's sleepless eye,
Wide open to his misery,
Glared on the light that came to shew,
Like felon's death-day, bitterest woe.

Having nothing to do but to walk about St. James's, and accustomed, as they have been, to the gaiety of a military life, they easily fall a prey to the deceptive hope of attaining a certain independence by gaming, and in this course they persist until they are left without a single guinea.

This class of unhappy men are frequently seen wandering about St. James's Park, like unsettled ghosts over the scenes of departed happiness : while the plunderers of their property are driving by them in luxury, enjoying their pleasure by contrast with their victim and sneering at his miseries. The Irish youths who come to London, are of all others the most apt to

Up rose he—and how strange—he ate
 His eggs and steaks and chocolate :
 Munching, as if from downright spite,
 With most voracious appetite.
 Now as he ground his meal, a thought
 Of Culverin across him shot,
 Of Celerina's curious case,
 And those delightful promises
 That fell upon his ear the day
 He settled this fair dame's affray.
 Thought he I'll wait upon my lord,
 And try the value of his word.

fall into the above lamentable situation. Impressed as they are in general, with the idea that gaming is one of the first accomplishments requisite to make a true London blood, they proceed, looking upon their new enjoyment as a mere whim, which they can abandon at any moment they think proper. But how different is the proof! Their new made wings carry them through a region of delight, and they believe themselves to possess the power of the eagle—still higher they ascend, and the solid earth on which they lately trod in safety recedes unmeasurable from their giddy eye—at length their wings prove wax, melt before the Sun, and the victims of their own folly tumble into the abyss of destruction.

Shaved, cravatted, away he set,
To storm the noble General's gate,
And ere the half hour pass'd was in
The presence of the CULVERIN!
But O how different luckless John!—
Where are the smiles and graces gone
That raised thy hopes and won thy will,
To kiss a worthless General's tail :
O thou wert luckiest of thine age,
To catch that tail of patronage ;
But like all found it sad to tell,
A pig's tail shav'd and lathered well !
In vain, in vain does Cousin try,
To jog the General's memory ;
Nor Mrs. Tool, nor closet squeezing
Avails him ought ; words few and freezing
Almost express—though fair and civil :
“ I wish, Sir, you were at—the devil.”

’Twas somewhat thus,—“ Sir what you say
“ Is quite Sir—O—It is Sir—A—
“ Is quite Sir—left my memory.
“ I’m Sorry I can’t do d’ye see

"What you require—We've nothing now
 "To give away except (a bow)
 "Except—Except transfer you to
 "The Veterans—but that you know
 "Is nothing (here he touch'd the door)
 And then— o—a—Good morning, Sir."

Thus was thy patron hapless John ;
 These were the hopes you built upon !
 What 's to be done ?—cash must be got,
 Or Seraphal must go to pot ;
 Cash must be got if you must eat
 Your eggs and steaks and chocolate.
 To Cox and Greenwood off he flies ;
 That but encrease his miseries ;
 For there a raw tall Son of Quills,
 Black as the father of all ills,
 Who thought the veriest crime to be
 That dam-ned vice humanity,
 That he deserved the keenest lash,
 Who dared *commit the want of cash* ;
 Thought counting coin the Heaven to be,
 And happiest saint J—s H—mm—ly.

Cousin his case to this Wight told,
Asking a small supply of gold ;
T' anticipate the quarter day,
Of his as yet untouch'd half pay.
But, Gad, he might have sought as well,
To pull out Pluto's bags from Hell,
As get a single guinea loose
From th' jaws of this damn'd Cerberus.*
Chagrin'd, disgusted, mortified,
Stabb'd deeply in his proper pride.
He felt this last ill ten times more,
Than all the rest of *Rouge et Noir*.

* The House of Greenwood and Cox, although liberal in their dealings with the army in general, is by no means so to the officers on half-pay who employ it. The principals themselves are accommodating, but the half-pay department of the house is conducted by a kind of partner or deputy, or acting manager, who is by no means pliant in his civility. However the principal part of the half-pay officers have their business done at the House of Window and Co. Craig's-court, where they are sure to meet with the most liberal, obliging, and gentlemanly treatment : none but those who have had both houses as their agent, can appreciate the vast difference between them.

Thus to be humbled, thus to bear
 An upstart's "haw"—and "hum"—and sneer ;
 Who though hedg'd up in ledgers, John
 Poor as he was, look'd down upon !

Home he return'd and lonely there,
 In better thought conn'd o'er his care,
 And as I said or sung before,
 The more his grief swell'd up the more
 Encreas'd his appetite, as if
 The thought of woe and thought of beef
 Were by his nature's wise construction,
 A sort of saving counteraction.
 To keep his head so mortified,
 From contemplating suicide,
 Snub's loudly call'd and comes :—" I say,
 " What is for dinner, Snub, to-day ?"
 Poor Snub now stared and paused ; his head
 Instantly grew all over red :
 " Dinner ! Why, Zur, I—yes, Zur, and sure,
 " Chickens—and fowls—and ten times more
 " Immediately"—and out he went.
 John heard yet knew not what he meant ;

But sunk back to his moody state,
To damn, and curse, and grin at fate.

Soon Snub appeared and smiling said,
“ The dinner was already laid,”
And bowing on, his master show’d
The table groaning ’neath its load ;
Of which John eat with zest downright,
A truly *woeful* appetite.
This done he asked his man the hour,
Snub stammering answered “ four, Zur, four.”
“ *Four !* Sirrah, it is more like *seven*.”
“ It is, Zur—so it is *Eleven*.”—
“ Does your watch go,” demanded John,
“ Go ! no, Zur, no, not now—’tis gone ;
“ But what’s a watch ?—as I’m a sinner,
“ Before you, Zur, should want a dinner,
“ If I’d a thousand”—but no more—
He turned and hurried to the door,
To hide the stream that fill’d his eyes—
Pure nature’s tide of sympathies.

The truth upon his master’s brain
In all its force was now too plain ;

The tear roll'd slowly o'er his cheek,
And spoke what tongue could never speak ;
Folly and vice before his eye,
Assumed a deeper deadly dye ;
And Snub's good nature taught him more
Than all adversity before.

His heart was full—but wherefore dwell,
On feelings which we all know well ?
Enough : lets turn from tears to fun,
So whip—my Pegasus—dash on.

Sighs deep and mourning exclamations,
Groans, forehead-slaps and execrations,
Were passing, when a thund'ring knock
Shook all to silence. At the shock
John staring stood, when lo ! the door
Presents an unknown visitor.
His hat was brimm'd in quaker-shape,
Long hair, lank jaws, deep flatten'd cape—
Broad buttons, buckles, breeches blue,
A snuffy coat—and cravat too :
In short, his *cut* was that which John
With horror always look'd upon.

“ Well, Sir, pray what’s your business here ?”
Said Cousin with a desperate stare.
The other said he wished to know
If he was Mr.—So and So.
“ My name is Newcome ; but be quick—
“ Say what you want—I’m sleepy—sick—
“ In short I have not time to wait
“ To hear your slow and canting prate ;
“ Come, what d’ye want ?” The stranger’s brow
Exalted stood ; his mouth stood low,
Upward were turn’d his glassy eyes,
In utmost sanctified surprise ;
And drawing out a knowing look,
Thus, ten times slower still, he spoke :
“ Friend, if thou canst not lend thine ear
“ Unto the business which I bear,
“ This *fifty pounds*, I think I’d better
“ Return thine Aunt forthwith *per* letter ;—
“ And, so good night.”—“ O stay, Sir, stay ;
“ Stop, pray thee stop, Sir—Do I pray.
“ Snub—quick—clean glasses—Shut the door—
“ A chair—I quite mistook I’m sure ;
“ Do, Sir, sit down.” Brim doff’d his hat,
His brow smooth’d out, and down he sat;

Smiling to think how wond'rous civil
Money made John—or would the devil.
Full merry chatted both, for when
Meet o'er a bottle two such men,
One giving favour t'other getting,
Interest and flattery besetting.
Why 'tis enough to give a bear
Most kind and gentlemanly air,
Unite two hearts in friendship strong,
Which doubtless, Sir, will last as long
Amidst the world's contending blasts,
As long—aye, as their *interests* lasts.

John put the fifty in his pocket,
Thus all was right.—Now why he got it
So unexpectedly was this,
Snub 'twas that did the business.
He having seen, beyond all doubt,
How fast his master's cash walk'd out,
Pondering and arguing, *pro* and *con*,
For one whole day th' affair upon,
In weighty wisdom, thought it better
To write his master's aunt a letter,

Which with the assistance of a youth,
A clerk, who could indite forsooth,
He managed ; and such woe and wail,
Never was carried by the mail ;
However, Snub, for once thus found
His wisdom worth—a *fifty pound*.

Quick moved the glass and loudly rung
Long lectures from the vis'tor's tongue ;
For many an admonition, Brim
Brought from John's loving aunt to him :
But, as the river's tide that falls
Down from the steep, roars as it rolls,
Hurling trees, stones, with thund'ring crash,
And with a—let me see—a—splash
Ends all in silence : stones and trees
Of course grow quiet by degrees,
Impell'd by stream behind, until
At last they stand completely still :
So wine and words roll'd rattling on
Through Brim's hard brains quite deaf'ning,
John,
Until his talk in snorting sunk,
Settling him fast asleep—dead drunk.

Cousin laugh'd heart'ly at th' effect
Produc'd on Brim's thick intellect,
And as he'd nothing more to hear,
Or get, he left him to the care
Of Snub, while he set off to call
Upon his darling Seraphal,
From whom that very day he got,
A dear—a Heaven-breathing note
About the coming wedding-day,
Her fears, her love, *et cetera*.

Flush'd with his fortune's change; and bent
On passion's brightest blandishment ;
Bless'd in the faithful love of one
Whom all the virtues smiled upon,
How beat the lover's heart !—Like light
Of lantern darting 'cross the night,
He flew to her ;—no doubt (sweet lass,)
She felt the tardy moments pass
In pensive melancholy mood,
In faithful silent solitude ;
Love binding up those locks so dear,
That Hymen was to ruffle and tear ;

Anticipation burning high
Upon her bright yet timid eye ;
No doubt, no doubt, the lovely lady
Was sweetly wishing—riperly ready
To meet the hour which made them one—
Sweet Seraphal and gentle John !
However that we'll see anon.

I said he flew like lantern's light—
Well so he did :—the wistful wight
Enter'd the lady's bow'r—(oh shocking)
As wanton Zephyr would—*sans* knocking,
Yet saw he not what Zephyr's eyes
Will sometimes glance on by surprise ;
In short he nothing saw to make
A quiet sort of lover quake,
But there was bustling—that and this—
A coldness—yet there was a kiss—
A yawning smile, that seemed to say,
“ I'd just as lieve you'd staid away,”
But which a youth like John inflated,
Never yet properly translated.
Both on the sofa sit ; and each
In lover's cant commence to preach ;

Sweet scenes of matrimonial bliss
Are laid ; and then laid on a kiss ;
Both breathing in the fond caress,
The essence of their tenderness.

“ My John—my soul—my life—my
love!

“ O may to-morrow haply prove,
“ With our first consecrated kiss,
“ Th’ Elysian birth of long-lived bliss :
“ May truth, and faith, and sweet content,
“ Blend with love’s purest blandishment
“ Circling us, even ’till life shall close,
“ Like that sweet air around the rose,
“ Which, when its life and beauty pass,
“ Re-tells us what the flower was !—
“ May thy fond heart be ever so,
“ As by these eyes I see ’tis now :
“ Like mine, unable to deceive,
“ Believing, as I thee believe.
“ O ! may we prove earth’s Heavenly life
“ I in my husband blest,—*thou*, in thy
wife !”

Embrace, embrace, ecstatic youth,
The breast of love, the lip of truth ;
Press to thy beating heart the gem
That drops from Hymen's diadem ;
Gaze on her witching eyes that tell,
The secret of their warmest spell ;
Feel the full heart beat high to thine,
Labouring with load of love divine ;
Kiss her now-flushing neck—her cheek,
Speak to her, Cousin,—damn me, speak.

He did, he did : a soul like his,
Never lost time, in time like this ;
'Twas not for nothing such a head
As Johnny's Moore and Byron read ;
'Twas not to loose an hour so dear,
He toiled through books for many a year—
An opportunity which gave
His soul to love's romantic wave,
On which it floated full and free,
Wafted by winds of ecstasy :
No, Cousin spoke ; and Petrarch's tongue,
Never such happy music sung,

As from his passion'd lip there fell—
 O, he was more than Philomel;
 Yet what he said I'll try to sing,
 Though a mere magpie chattering.

“ Star of my hopes—existence—life—
 love—all,
 “ That love and life can give—my Seraphall,
 “ How am I blessed with thee whose smiles
 can bless
 “ Misfortune's self—make Hell all happiness,
 “ Angel of feeling thou hast made me feel,
 “ The worth of love—O, thus behold me
 kneel.

* * * (!!!)

“ Eh!—What's that?—Did you hear?—
 Me thought
 “ I heard a”—“ O, my love, 'twas nought
 “ Except the wind,” said Seraphall,
 “ Or else the sofa cracked;—that's all;
 “ What's wind or cracks of sofas!—O,
 go on,
 “ My dear, my love, my life, my darling
 John!”

Well, John proceeded, but his kneeling—
That climax of his tender feeling,—
Being spoiled in its effect, why then
The thing was to begin again ;
Which he did nearly as before :
The hand, of course, was kiss'd once more,
The eye-brow fixed, the languid ball,
Gazing on, gazing Seraphall ;
The arm adjusted and the knee
Drooping to where it was to be,
The voice suppress'd in tone ; yet by
Suppression love's own melody !
That tone which *Little Moore* would make,
And did when but a younger rake,
In those "*sweet hours*" and places where,
His Julia and *her Tommy* were !
O, he had even Tom's own tongue,
With Byron's amorous bass ; and sung—
Or said such things as I have said—
Or sung ; to which she—answer-ed
Thus :—

" Speak no more :—I well know men.
" They seem to love ; they vow, and then—

“ Weak woman gained, they turn aside,
 “ And bride’s, alas, no longer bride :
 “ Wilt thou not, John—say, wilt thou not,
 “ When thou shalt, all thou canst, have got;
 “ When thou hast gained the heart of one—
 “ The *virgin* heart—O say, my John,
 “ Wilt thou not for some other, leave
 “ Thy tender Seraphall to grieve,
 “ And weep for that sad hour she met,
 “ Her Newcome— Wilt thou ?—say my pet.”

“ O! Heaven,” exclaimed th’ enraptured
 youth,
 “ Witness my vow to sacred truth.”—

(Here, as he dropped upon his knee
 His fervent oath of constancy,
 Was interrupted by a cry
 Of—“O, Christ, God!—My eye!—My eye!”)

“ G--d d—n your eye, who e’er you are,”
 Roared John upstarting with a stare,
 While a most terrifying squall
 Flew from the lips of Seraphall ;

Who felt the sofa suddenly float
Beneath her weight as 'twere a boat!
In short he kicked some eye or nose,
At which the very couch arose,
And shewed what pretty sort of things
Are women and their *passionings*.

O, Consternation! horror! terror!
Come painter, come, and hold thy mirror,
Be thine the task; in vain 'twould be
For poet—vainer still for me
To paint the pranks which love pourtray'd;
The feelings of the frightened maid;
The hero's attitude and stare;
The bristling of his angry hair,
When from beneath the sofa's shade,
Old CULVERIN popp'd out his head!

Yes, it was CULVERIN himself
That poaching, marriage-marring elf,
Who 'neath the lovers snugly lay,
To wait till Cousin went away.
Yes, it was CULVERIN who got
John's spur, which put his eye near out,

For as he stoop'd, enthusiasm all,
 To pledge his truth to Seraphall,
 An accidental slip of heel,
 Made CULVERIN right keenly feel :
 And as a lancet brings forth blood,
 The kick out brought him : there he stood.
 The unearthed fox prepared to run,
 If run he could, from watchful John.
 But no, our Cousin's eyes forbid it,
 And set the culprit in a fidget,
 Who knew not what to do or say,
 Smothered completely in dismay.

“ And is it you,” says John, “ so—so,
 “ 'Tis thus I'm duped !—O, General, O !—
 “ Was it for this, the vixen Tool,
 “ Made me the butt of ridicule ?
 “ Was it for this I choaked her claim,
 “ And bore the weight of *your* just shame ?
 “ Was it for this my neck and knees,
 “ Cramm'd in a hole, bore two hours squeeze ?
 “ For this—for this !—Alas ! alas !
 “ All worth is wind, all gold is brass.—
 “ And is it *you* false woman ! *you*

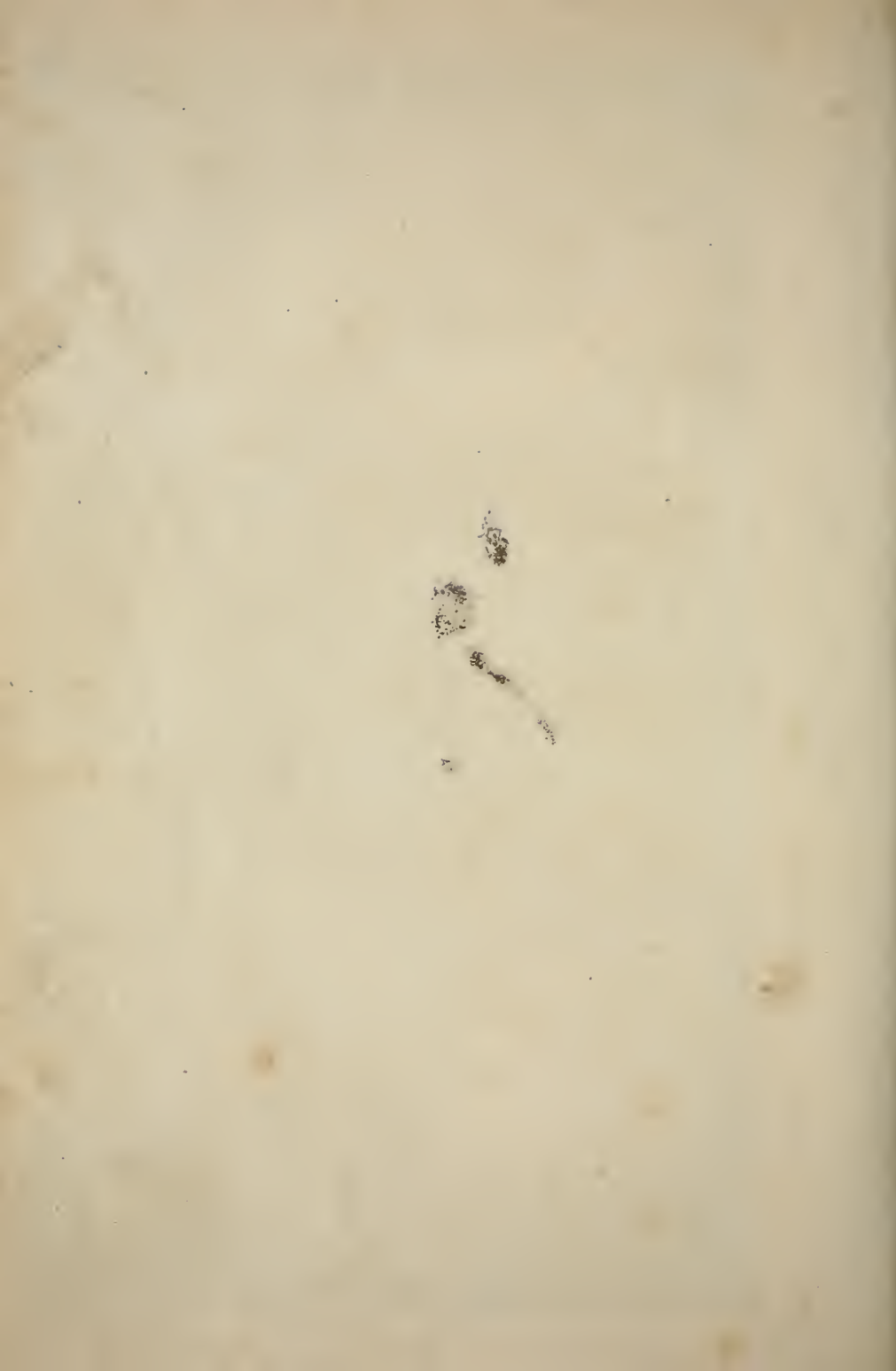
“ Who thus deceives !—Can it be true?
“ You that could say the noise behind
“ The sofa was th’ effect of *wind*,
“ Or else a *crack*—away—away,
“ Curse all such *foul-wind cracks*, I say.
“ Wert thou a man as thou’rt a woman,
“ I’d leave thee (mark my words) for no
man,
“ Till I had torn that heart from thee,
“ Which lies that face so damnably.”

Hysterics, fainting fits, screams, kickings
And all the other female trickings,
For such occasions meet now followed,
And every other thought was swallowed,
Except the safety of the fair :
Both John and General by the chair,
On which she fell, together stand ;
One feels her head, one slaps her hand,
While she, at ev’ry slap, (of course)
Scream’d louder, and grew ten times worse !

Now, with a palpitating pant
And frightened eye, in runs the Aunt,



My Cousin's Picture



Seizes the key and tries the lock ;
When, from without, a thund'ring knock
And shoulder-push, sent in the door,
Tumbling old Madam on the floor,
Whose well distended lungs and throat
Add now an edifying shout,
While at the scene, in wondering gaze,
Stood John's old worthy friend, BOB BLAZE,
Back'd by a lad of fun and whim,
The very counterpart of him !

The Aunt was lifted up—but now
'Tis meet that we should set forth how
Bob Blaze appeared ;—well thus it was :
He from below had heard the noise,
And Bob being ever prompt to aid
A female, whether wife or maid,
Ran up the stairs—but then to know
How Bob had chanced t' have been below
Is more important : this we'll see
(As Scott says) “ in our minstrelsy.”

The young one, as the old one fell,
All on a sudden grew quite well,

Her fainting fit, to demonstration,
Being cured by counter-irritation ;*
For though 'twas bad enough to bear
The rupture of her *love affair*
By Culverin's unlucky cry,
Produced by Cousin's spur i' th' eye ;
Yet it was ten times worse to hear
Bob Blaze's uproar on the stair ;
And thus the *greater* evil brought
The *lesser* evils' cure about :
So some physicians, when they try
Their functions *scientific'ly*,
Make patients quite forget disease
By th' effect of their remedies.

Old Culverin, struck dumb and staring
In fear, at Cousin's eye-balls glaring ;

* Counter-irritation is the sheet-anchor in the practice of the French Physicians ; for instance, when the right leg is affected by disease, they apply their remedies to the left, and they have a favourite and fundamental mode of curing head-aches, by using leeches at the opposite extremity.

The Aunt and Seraphal assailing
Poor Bob Blaze in the bitterest railing ;
The noise, confusion,—but stay, stay,
My rhymes are running fast away ;
Brief let us be i' th' scene that pass'd
For the next Canto is our last.

END OF THE NINTH CANTO.

CANTO X.

THE marriage-match thus broken off,
For which we see he'd cause enough,
'Tis waste of time and rhyme to write
How closed the uproar of that night :
Reproaches, protestations, oaths
Roaring from their respective mouths,
With Culverin's request to see
John at his house t' explain next day,
Is quite enough to tell ; the rest
Of that scene is imagined best.

With Bob Blaze and his friend, poor John,
Just as St. James's toll'd out " one,"
Quitted for aye his Seraphal,
Her house and Aunt and—damn'd them all.

The night was deeply dark, save where
The *gas light* shot a streaming glare,
Shewing more plain, alike the gloom,
Of Cousin and the starless dome.

"Oh! Bob," said he, as down Pall Mall
They walked—"Oh! Bob can language tell
"The sufferings of the heart *that's* riven
"By woman's falsehood! Yon bright
heaven"—

(Bright!—'Twas as dark as pitch above;
But th' eyes that shew'd him Seraph's *love*,
Were those thro' which he view'd the night;
No wonder then he thought it *bright*)
"Yon '*Heaven has witnessed how I strove*
"To love her with a spirit's love'—
"As Moore says—'I was *too believing*,
"And she, alas! '*too, too deceiving!*'"

"Hang Moore and sentiment," said Bob,
"Believe me, 'tis the luckiest job
"You've ever met—why, my dear John,
"Your love's been kept by half the town."
"Kept!" echo'd he, "Lord! does not she
"Live with her Aunt respectably?"

“ Her aunt !” said Bob, “ Why damn me,
John,

“ Are you then such a simpleton ?

“ This *Aunt*, my friend, is nothing more,

“ Than the *bonne mere* of every * * * * *

“ Whose face can pay !—What brought *me*
there,

“ And this my worthy friend ?—You stare,

“ Why ’twas to see a couple more

“ Of her fair *nieces* !—Half a score

“ Were waltzing with us when the row

“ Above stairs brought us up to you.

“ But come lad, they may laugh that win,

“ Drink your first glass to Culverin,

“ For he has saved you from the fate

“ Which ’waited your devoted pate.

“ Here is my house ; step in my boy,

“ We’ll have one *long-cork* glass for joy ;

“ Had you been wed, ’tis my belief,

“ You would have taken *ten* for *grief*.”

The colour fled from Cousin’s cheek ;
Speechless he sat—he could not speak ;

Nor could the long-cork claret rise
One happy smile around his eyes.
He plied its spirits full and free,
Silent and sad till half past three ;
When with a shake o' th' hand he parted,
Wine-full, tongue-tied, and leaden-hearted ;
Yet the last parting word Bob said
John placed securely in his head ;
'Twas warning him, next day to call
Upon the poaching General.

Nine hours sound sleeping banished quite
The griefs of this eventful night ;
For John was never one of those
Who let their feelings mar repose
More than an hour or so :—to him
Sleep was the Lethé where he'd swim
Far off from all his cares, although
These cares compounded *veriest* woe.
What then could such a woe as this—
Losing a wife—a wife like his,
Produce ? No more than light on blind
O'er such a *philosophic* mind.

Another reason too had he
For using this philosophy,
Namely, he'd got his patron quite
Upon the hip : all right.

He wakes, yawns, stretches, rubs his eyes ;
In cogitating length he lies ;
Night-cap half hanging from his head ;
Curtains drawn closely round the bed ;
The coverlid tuck'd 'neath his chin,—
Thus thinking of his Culverin.
He thought of Mrs. Tool's affair,
Of Paris and what happened there,
Of that short season when the face
Of Culverin look'd promises :
And then—and then he thought how soon
That face turned when the work was done.
“ 'Tis true,” thought he, “ his interest got me
“ One step ; which step to this chance brought
me ;
“ But then, how I have played his game
“ With Mrs. Tool, to save his name ;
“ A service which deserves as far
“ As grand-cross—ay, or even a star,

“ Yet (how ungrateful) did he shun me,
 “ And coldly shut his door upon me.
 “ But now once more, I’ve got the key
 “ I’ll open it in another way.
 “ Although his poaching proves to me
 “ The luckiest glance of destiny,
 “ And saves me from the saddest fate,
 “ That hapless husband could await,
 “ Yet I’ll not let him think so ; but
 “ Leave *him* to fire the calemut.”

These prickly thoughts like *dolichos**
 Urged him to ’rise ; so up he rose,
 And after managing the case
 Between himself and looking-glass,
 Settling accompts of eggs and coffee,
 Beef-stakes *et cetera*, why then off he
 Set to pay his visit.

* * * * * Hold !

Who strikes the knocker thus so bold ?

* The *spiculæ* of the vegetable so called, known commonly by the name of Cowhage.

The General's gate can scarcely stand
The stroke of such determined hand!—
Cousin of course. The porter knows
His cue, so in the hero bows;
And one short minute placed him in
The presence of the CULVERIN.

No freezing stand-off coldness now
Screwed up the mighty General's brow :
No diffidence was perched upon
The looks of predetermined John :
The cards were changed completely, and
The *trumps* were all in *Cousin's hand*,
Except the *knave*, which never quit,
The General when he needed it.

“ Ha ! my dear Newcome ! How d’ye do,—
“ Tell me, what *can* I do for you ?”

“ Do ! you *have done* enough last night,
“ To fix a deep eternal blight
“ On all my future hopes in life ;
“ Robb’d me of love—of peace—of wife—
“ Of ev’ry thing.—My all—my whole—
“ ’Twas too bad—’twas upon my soul.”

And here he turn'd about as if
Completely overcome with grief ;
While Culverin, by sweetest phrase,
Mixed up consoling sentences.
“ My good Sir, “ said the chief, “ I’ll swear,
“ As far as *I was in th’ affair*,
“ The lady’s nought the worse ; ’twas not
“ The innocent dear creature’s fault.
“ To tell the truth, I forced my way
“ Into her—chamber wantonly ;
“ And hearing you ascend the stair
“ I hid beneath the sopha. There,
“ What can be clearer.—Now, good Sir,
“ If you’ll go on and marry her,
“ You’ll do but right ; and I will stand
“ Your friend for ever to command.”
“ Marry !” said Cousin, “ What d’ye mean ;
“ Dost think I’m such a ninny then ?
“ If I have fathered brats for you,
“ Dost think I’ll wed your women too ?
“ My lord, your words but irritate ;
“ Beware,—don’t make me desperate ;
“ My reason’s not my own ; and here,
“ Beneath my wretched fate, I swear

“ You have destroy’d me—yes—you—you ;

“ And I’ll have *satisfaction* too !”

To which old Culverin replied

In tone most sweetly modified ;

“ My dear Sir, you mistake my will,

“ In thinking I could mean you ill ;

“ ’Tis friendship urges me to speak,

“ And as a proof, I’ll undertake

“ To have you in the first gazette,

“ A CAPTAIN ; while the next brevet

“ Shall make you MAJOR !”

Hell and the Puck !

Here comes a pretty piece of luck !

Turn, Cousin, turn thy face aside

Th’ unconquerable grin to hide,

Which through thy mimic rage bursts out—

Turn, turn thy restive face about ;

For on thy looks no doubt depend,

The promise of thy *quondam* friend.

’Twas hard to do so, yet the wight,

Managed it, not to laugh outright ;

But with a distant move o' th' head
Assented to the offer made ;
Then slowly pass'd from word to word
To complaisancy with my Lord :
And ne'er did two such *foes* contend,
To prove each was the other's *friend*,
Proffers of kindness tumbling on,
'Twas " My *dear* Lord," and " My *dear* John."
In short, this short half hour did more
Than ten years service ten times o'er :—
Ah ! many a hero's head grows grey,
Waiting for even a company ;
While such a chance as Cousin's leads
A youth's foot over all these heads,
With not e'en half the worth of John,
Reckless of who it tramples on.

All was arranged between the two,
And Cousin took his hat to go,
When, by the way of observation,
Came out the cream o' th' conversation.
The General shook John's hand ; and while
He shook it, forced a careless smile,

And o'er his shoulder whisper'd thus :

“ I hope that what has pass'd 'twixt us

“ Will go no further—close—keep close,

“ My wife—mum, Newcome—don't let loose :

“ The world too—but I need not say

“ 'Tis not your wish to injure me :

“ Be steady and you'll not regret—

“ Farewell !—*observe the next Gazette.*”

One may imagine John's reply
Was sealing firmly secrecy,
With which they parted ; Culverin
All laughing looks, while rag'd within
The hottest hate for Cousin's name,
That could the proudest heart inflame ;
Yet what cared John, he made his hay
While shone the sun :—so rain away !

Ye clerks o' th' Horse-guards write, O write
The blest word *Captain* for the wight.
Haste, haste, ye printers, be not late
With Cousin's heavenly Gazette !
It comes, it comes, and lo ! he sees,
The pregnant words in ecstacies.

“ *Lieutenant Newcome from half-pay*
“ *A captain in the infantry!*”—
Ecstatic sight! No village bride,
E’er felt one half the rush of pride,
When first called *Mistress* by her maid,
As Cousin when he “CAPTAIN” read.
And O! ’twas Snub that felt right glad;
It almost drove the fellow mad:
A laugh attack’d him which bid fair
To last his cabbage face a year,
And ’twas not till he slept at night,
That senses were recovered quite,
Which with the help of beer next day
Seemed still inclined to keep away.
The man matched master to a T,
For John was quite as crazed as he;
And the first singular effect
Which shewed upon his intellect,
Was this: from ten till four he stood,
In various novel attitude
Before his glass; while ev’ry minute,
Shewed some new charming beauty in it.
Old Snub, too had *his glass*; but then,
That glass was filled with *full proof gin*.

Now chairs and tables 'gin to move
At intervals i' th' room above :
Snub hears his master loudly cry
The drill-words of the infantry ;
At which the vet'ran smil'd and fill'd
His glass, determined to be drill'd ;
“ March”—“ wheel”—“ charge”—“ fire”—
were answered by
His cup forthwith, delightfully ;
While ev'ry word fresh *spirits* brought,
And fill'd his ardent breast throughout.
He fiercely follow'd each command,
Till neither could he walk nor stand ;
Cheering at ev'ry *halt* he made,
The CAPTAIN and his *drill parade*.
Thus man and master pass'd the day,
Each in his own peculiar way ;
And how they pass'd the night was still
A more extraordinary drill.

But time, like Snub's glass, moves on fast,
And sets our tongues at rest at last ;
Therefore to keep fair pace with him,
We'll note no more of either's whim,

But follow John where soon he went,
To join his new gain'd regiment.

Little had he to do in town,
And less to fix regret upon,
Save paying his *addresses* to
The tailor—which all bloods must do :—
And that's the *payment* by the bye,
Most modern bloods make frequently.

So having his appointments meet,
E'en to a button all complete,
He and his faithful servant took
At London spires their parting look,
As roll'd the morning-coach away
For BATH—delightful destiny !—
Delightful in more points than one,
For scarce ten miles from that fair town,
Liv'd the hero's AUNT, and all the line
Of living NEWCOMES feminine!

Cousin's new corps was one of those,
Well known and feared by Britain's foes :

Although the warriors seeming test,
The **medal* hung not on its breast.
A band of gallant souls, who knew,
The olive wood, the mountain blue,

* Although the men who devised the plan of giving medals to the soldiers who served at the battle of Waterloo, have bestowed a just reward upon bravery and courage, yet they never took into consideration the injury which the measure imposed upon the feelings of those truly heroic soldiers who served in the numerous battles of the Peninsula. There can be little doubt that it arose out of the sudden and unexpected exultation of the then Prince Regent and his ministers ; for which the army in general ought to feel grateful, inasmuch as the gift evinces a disposition in the highest powers to reward the heroic actions of the soldier: but that reward carries with it a reflection which fixes on the heart of every hero, who, for the seven years preceding Waterloo, bore his arms into the midst of fire and blood—who trod from the fields of Vemiera to the walls of Toulouse—who covered with the blood of their enemy the hills of Busaco, the plains of Salamanca and Vittoria, the heights of the Pyre-

The ration rum, the biscuit black,
 The long bleak road, the bivouac,
 The cannon's thunder, and the bays,
 Which light on glorious victories
 Better than city's midnight dress,
 Her luxuries and gaudiness.

nees, and the gardens of France—who walk'd over the dead bodies of their comrades, through the breaches of Roderigo, Badajos, and St. Sebastian,—who built up the impenetrable battery of the Portuguese frontier, and who languished beneath the privations and maladies of their campaigns—it carries a reflection to the hearts of those men, of the most galling nature, for it would appear too much like envy in them to complain, and it is too much partiality in that government for whom they fought, to be borne without complaint. When two regiments meet on parade; one of which has never seen the enemy except at Waterloo, and the other has waded through all the fatigues of the Peninsular war, what must be the hero's feelings? Suppose for instance, the Scots greys and the 59th foot. The former remained *at home during the war*, the other did *prodigies of valour*. In one action alone, (Vittoria)

Men over whom the southern sun
Full many a scorching course had run ;
O'er whom cold winter oft had cast
His chilling rain,—his bitterest blast :
The camp their home, the earth their bed,
Which well they won, where well they bled :

their two Colonels, Fane and Ware, were killed in forcing a bridge, the danger and consequence of which was not surpassed by Waterloo, yet the Greys display upon their breasts the reward of merit, while opposite to them stand the good old warriors unornamented *except by their scars*. What is the opinion of the crowd who behold both, and are unacquainted with military history ? admiration for those who bear the medal, and disregard to those who do not. There can be no doubt that the question has never been considered by the Commander-in-Chief in this point of view, for his Royal Highness has ever studied so impartially the happiness of his soldiery, that such a vast disparagement could not exist were it otherwise. It is to be sincerely desired that the evil may be soon remedied, by granting to those who served in Spain and Portugal—a PENINSULA MEDAL.

All partners in the field's hard fare,
 The perils, casualties of war,
 Each learnt the value of the other,
 And *comrade* was the name for *brother*.
 Pride of fair smiles, no lip could cheat ;
 No brow was bent 'neath envy's weight ;
 But bound in friendship's firmest tie,
 They seem'd one happy family.

The rapid journey now being done,
 From out the well-pack'd coach popp'd
 John,
 Snub from the top enwrapp'd in crust
 Of Summer's subtile Bath-road dust ;
 And just as Cousin plac'd his foot,
 Upon that ground so welcome to 't,
 Two rough big bludgeon-bearing elves
 Coolly began to fix themselves
 Fast on his collar, and from thence,
 With thorough catch-pole impudence,
 Forced him away, nor deign'd to tell
 The reason.—Not a syllable
 Would either speak, although John's tongue
 Impressively its reasoning rung,

And with Snub's questions made all feel
The eloquence of th' appeal ;
But when they'd got him safe within
The neat back parlour of an inn,
Why then in semi civil,
Shew'd what they call'd their "*tority* :"
The sum was eighty guineas ; due
Three years to Mr.—God knows who.

Snub ever prompt, though seldom wise
In perilous extremities,
Paused but a moment, while a thought
Flew his fermenting brain throughout,
And then away he ran pell mell
To find his master's colonel,
And tell the tale of woe that shed
Its venom on his luckless head.

Scarcely one half hour pass'd before
Three officers of John's new corps
(The Col'nel one) were led in by
Old Snub—fat, puffing Mercury—
And there presented to his master,
Foretelling loud the sad disaster,

At which poor Cousin felt no doubt,
 His very heart's blood burning out
 To think his kind wiseacre ass,
 Had brought affairs to such a pass !

Now Snub by blundering often hit,
 Better than others by their wit,
 Here what he did was not the worse,
 For things soon took an easier course.
 The Col'nel shook the hand of John,
 Just as a father would a son,
 And thus addressd' him.—“ Sir, I see,
 How matters stand—such things will be.
 The sum is eighty (here he took
 Four twenties from his pocket book,
 And plac'd them on the table) “ There,
 That sum will settle the affair.”
 At which Snub roar'd, and such a rout
 Began, that he was ordered out.

Cousin refused, (how strange ! yet true,)
 The Colonel and the other two,
 Still urging, while the latter said,
 “ You know, Sir, I must be *obeyed*.

“ My Lady Lilly gives a ball
“ To-night, and I have a card for all;
“ Therefore you *must* forthwith submit,
“ And let us make an end of it.”

How warmly mantled Cousin's blood
With true electric gratitude,
How diff'rent this appear'd to be
From *Tan* and from the *cavalry*.

John having thank'd the Colonel said,
While droll'ry o'er his features play'd,
“ Before this money 's paid, Sir, I
“ Should like to ask the catchpoles why.”
The bailiff answered—“ Don't you know
“ The plaintiff David Noddledoe?
“ You've had the pigs, Sir, of the man,
“ And he'll be paid too if he can.”
“ Pray what's my name?” said Cousin then.
“ Your name, Sir 's Michael Muttonden,”
Replied the Bailiff, “ and I swear,
“ I'd know you by your eyes and hair!
“ See here 's the warrant.”—So all read
The names exactly as 'foresaid ;

And Noddledoe and Muttonden

Were most undoubtedly the men.

“ Now friend,” said Cousin, “ since you’d swear,

“ To be such judge of eyes and hair ;

“ To prove your skill, suppose we go

“ To this said Mr. Noddledoe :

“ But if you’re wrong—mark what I say,

“ I’ll make, by Heav’n, your sheriff pay

“ Some pounds for ev’ry step I take

“ To rectify your d——d mistake.

“ My name is Newcome, Sir :” (strong doubt
Shuddered the catchpoles’ frame throughout,
Who with a sort of stupid laugh
Fain would have shov’d the matter off.)

“ What think you now, Sirs ?—Come, stand

“ fast,

“ Who stirs, his step shall be his last ;

“ Down ruffian, down upon your knee

“ And *eat* your warrant instantly !

“ Quick.—By this poker if you pause,

“ I’ll hand you to your broken laws ;

“ First breaking this, if it will break,

“ With thumps against your d——d stiff
neck.”

To this the Colonel and his friend,
Offered their ready hands to lend ;
So Bludgeon seeing but defeat,
Knelt down and fiercely 'gan to eat !
While those around him, all agree,
Enjoyed his meal far more than he.

This singular affair being done,
The colonel, arm in arm with John,
March'd to the mess-room : there were met,
As gallant and as good a set
Of warriors—not of pipe-clay wars,
But downright staunch *Peninsulars* ;
None of your paltry *Tans* nor *Swallows*,
All right good steady honest fellows.
There soon our worthy hero's name,
Was fixed within the social frame ;
And doubtless 'twas not sullied by,
This STAR o' th' NEWCOME family.

We need not say how that night went ;
How headaches, heads next morning rent ;
Our time's too short, for John must see
His darling Aunt immediately ;



MY COUSIN'S RETURN TO HIS AUNT.

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